Father Dillon

LORIA

November, 1932

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St. Joseph's College for Women
Brooklyn, N. Y.

LORIA

VOL. X. NOVEMBER, 1932. NO. 1.

Contents

LORIA is published four times during the scholastic year by the students of St. Joseph's College for Women, Brooklyn, New York. Subscription, two dollars a year.

Entered as second-class matter, December 21, 1926, at the post office at Brooklyn, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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AN INTERVIEW WITH EDWIN MARKHAM

WAS this a book-shop or a room in a private home? High book shelves lined the four walls, and books were on the tables, the chairs, the stairs, even on the floor! It was the room of an artist, with its old, fragile-looking furniture, many pictures and paintings, statues, and, everywhere, piles of books. I was so fascinated by the peculiar atmosphere of the place that I almost forgot my fear of the interview with such a great and famous person. And when Mr. Markham came into the room, I knew my fear had been groundless.

I could not help feeling at ease with this charming old gentleman, who is every inch a poet. With the dignity of his eighty-one years, his white hair and beard, his keen brown eyes set deep and far apart under bushy eyebrows, his thin æsthetic lips, which smile so often, he is a striking and picturesque figure. A final touch to his artistic appearance, was a soft black silk tie, loosely knotted.

As he spoke, with his head thrown back and his eyes partly closed, he was not bored. This wasn't merely part of the day's routine. He enjoyed it, for it made him feel younger. (He says himself that he feels forty, and yet does not wish he were younger, for he wants to see how it will seem to be ninety.) During

the next ten years, he intends to complete four books, all of which are begun. And, amazingly enough, he works every day for almost thirteen hours.

The first of these projected volumes is a collection of his poems, eight hundred in number, which he is collecting and revising now. Another book, in which he is especially interested, is called "The Forgotten Purpose of Jesus." He leaned forward in his chair, as he discussed his plan for the book.

"I want to make you see clearly what I mean," he said. "How is Jesus going to save the world? What is His plan for making it a better one? It is by forming a new society—a brotherhood, who will work together and keep one another. We had a slight hint of this in the Red Cross, but our competitive system of the present has brought us only poverty and suffering." His eyes were flashing now and his voice was vibrant with emotion. "The social problem is the supreme problem of the world. A complete life consists of three things—bread, beauty, and brotherhood; bread, the material need; beauty, the æsthetic need, and brotherhood, the spiritual need."

Is it any wonder that a man who thinks like this wrote such poetry as the "Man With the Hoe"?

"Well, well," he said, coming down to earth, "so you wonder why I surround myself with these books. Do you know why a farmer has so many dogs around? Because he likes them. That is why I have my books around—because I like them and learn from them."

Many of these volumes were second-hand, he told me, and others were sent by publishers and authors. The books are divided according to rooms. The one we were in contained nothing but poetry. Every author was represented, and though it seemed impossible to me, Mr. Markham knew the place of every book.

When I asked him how old he was when he began writing, he said fifteen. At the time he was living on a ranch in California. School was held only three months of the year—the rest of the time he read and studied while tending cattle. As a

matter of fact, Mr. Markham may lay claim to that much-abused title "a self-educated man."

As I was gingerly making my way to the door, fearful lest I should upset some of the books, Mrs. Markham came in. She is a charming woman, a perfect match for her gifted husband. "I do hope you will come again," she said, and I fervently repeated her wish in my heart.

MARY RAFFERTY, '33.

PARTING

THIS heart has been so much in love with things—
Rain and the cool that a warm hand brings,
The beauty of day that I could not hold,
The shadows of night that played in the cold,
The blue of the dawn and the white cloud's mist,
The pool in the wood by the Spring sun kissed;
Wind in my hair and wind on my cheek—
These have I loved and in these do I seek
God's heart and the peace of the mind that knows
The God above is the God in the rose.
And yet when death takes me from these
Having been in love with the heart of trees,
When the minute permits one kiss to woo
I pray, beloved, that it be from you.

HELEN LAURA, '35.

POOR MICHAEL

"MANY happy returns of the day, Ellen dear, and I'm sure we wish you all the happiness in the world. Just think—eighteen years old. Dear little girl, I remember so well when you were a baby how you used to—"

But Ellen was not listening. In the first place she was lying very uncomfortably in bed because Aunt Mary was almost sitting on her feet. And besides, she wished Uncle Tim weren't so fat. He took up the whole scope of the mirror and Ellen was trying desperately to see how her beautiful wave looked. She had spent two hours and used a whole bottle of bad smelling wave set to put it in the night before. When Uncle Tim finally did move a little, she wished he hadn't. The beautiful wave didn't seem to be a wave at all any more and stuck out all the way around, somewhat like a Syke terrier pup's.

Ellen looked back at Aunt Mary and decided that that lady was settled comfortably (for her but not so comfortably for Ellen) for at least twenty minutes of reminiscences.

If only something would happen on this birthday, she thought, something wonderful like the things that were always happening in her day dreams. She thought of one of her best loved ones. In this story she was a rich doctor's daughter (the only child of course; Ellen considered it somewhat bourgeois to have brothers and sisters). She also had no mother, because a mother in the story made things a little difficult. In this particular story she had beautiful golden ringlets all over her head, and violet eyes (which color eyes Ellen had never seen except in her dreams). She was so beautiful that people almost fell in a swoon when they looked at her. Besides being beautiful, she was charming and talented. She could ride horseback so wonderfully that even Tommy Hitchcock was jealous. She played the violin so beautifully, she surpassed her teachers. She painted, wrote

stories, swam, sang, translated Latin, and tap-danced with equal facility. Although she was a marvel of the age, she remained underneath it all, just the dearest, sweetest little violet you ever saw. Her character and looks remained the same in all Ellen's stories, but in this one she and her father were traveling in India. She (her name was Gwendolyn in this story) was riding on horseback in a white polo shirt, white breeches and white boots. (The fact that the costume might give a somewhat circusy effect didn't bother her at all.) Then Gwendolyn's horse fell, through no fault of hers of course, and she was thrown so violently that she became unconscious. And there she lay all in white, looking very sweet and pretty, with a picturesque little stream of blood over her white forehead. And then who should come along but the big Rajah of the plantation on whose estate she had opportunely fallen, and picked her up and immediately fell in love with her. Ellen didn't think it quite right for this beautiful Gwendolyn to marry a Mohammedan, so she had to change the story a little at this point. It seemed that he wasn't really a Mohammedan at all, but by hook or by crook, his father had won the plantation from the Indians. Of course the Rajah had been very carefully brought up in England and had been sent to Oxford, but was now back in India to rule over his plantation. (This part of the story coincided oddly with "The Green Goddess.") Then the Rajah carried Gwendolyn (alias Ellen) to his beautiful palace and by his wonderful doctoring and constant care, she recovered from her fall. At this point, the story usually stopped, because Ellen could never decide what to do with her father, who was accompanying her, if you will still remember.

When this story got too complicated for her, she went on to the one in which there was a beautiful murder in an English lord's library, and she, little heroine that she was, would come dashing in just in time to see the sneering face of the villain disappear in a black motor car.

Ellen was still in the middle of seeing the English lord stretched out in his tuxedo on the library floor, when Aunt Mary brought her back with a start.

"Ellen dear," why did she always have to call her dear?, "don't you want to look at your birthday cards? Here's one that looks like Michael's handwriting."

Yes, that was Michael's handwriting all right—large, childish, nondescript. There was a note on the back.

> "Dear Ellen," it said,
>
> "Happy birthday. Will you come to a party with me tonight at our Dean's house? There's going to be a whole lot of distinguished people there.
>
> "Michael."

Poor Michael, thought Ellen, how unromantic he was, how unsophisticated, how childish. How unlike her Prince of India or her English lord. Now if only somebody romantic would come along . . .

Distinguished people, Michael said. Well I should say so. My goodness—she felt like a fish out of water. All the people around her were old enough to have been her parents. And they all wore lorgnettes and said little things in French every once in a while, and then they'd all laugh. Ellen laughed too but she didn't know what they were talking about even when they talked English. The worst part came when Michael left her to help the host with the refreshments. She just wanted to lie down and die or find a crack to crawl into. There she was all alone in a strange house with strange people and nobody paying the slightest bit of attention to her. She felt like a wrung-out floor mop. Nobody even bothered to ask her to dance. If her Prince of India had been there, he'd . . .

Her Prince of India suddenly appeared in the form of a most distinguished-looking gentleman, tall and slim, with streaks of grey in his hair and a Phi Beta Kappa key hung from his watch chain—and grey spats. Ellen just loved men who wore spats.

He spoke beautifully with a very effective Harvard accent, and when he said, "Should you like to dance?" in that beautifully cultured soft voice of his, her heart skipped two beats. And

the most wonderful part of it was that he was actually falling for her. He never left her side for the rest of the evening. He told her what beautiful eyes she had. Michael had never told her she had beautiful eyes in all the years she'd known him. He even brought her ice cream and cake from the buffet and that certainly was a proof of his devotion, wasn't it? Ellen sighed happily. Here she was becoming almost like the beautiful Gwendolyn.

Michael sat near in sullen silence and glanced jealously at F. Kendall Larrington, Ph.D., professor of Romance languages at Columbia University, Ellen's gentleman of the grey spats. Ellen was delighted. Really, you had arrived, when you had two men fighting over you.

When Ellen shyly told her new admirer of her wonderful day dreams about the Prince of India, he was so wonderfully understanding and said he'd like to show her some Indian prints he had. Michael would never have understood. He would have said she'd been going to too many movies.

When it was finally time to go, F. Kendall Larrington bade Ellen a fond farewell. How handsome he looked in his derby. He had a moustache, too. Michael didn't wear a derby. When he asked if he might see Ellen again, she thought there was nothing more to live for. Here at last was her Prince of India, her English lord, a dozen other of her heroes, all rolled together into F. Kendall Larrington, Ph.D.

Ellen waited and waited and waited for him to call up, and call up he never did. Everytime the phone rang, her heart jumped and all her insides seemed to change places. But she decided to be subtle and make believe she didn't care who it was. She nonchalantly would ask Aunt Mary to answer it. After all she had to keep her dignity even if she was in love. But it was always somebody else.

Why in the world didn't he phone—he'd said he wanted to see her again, hadn't he?

Nevertheless Ellen was convinced that he was in love with her. Hadn't he fallen for her the very first minute he'd seen her?

Then a sudden inspiration came to her. It was just because

he didn't want to give in to his love for her that he didn't phone. Of course—that was it. Why hadn't she thought of it before? In all the stories she'd read, the men always paid less attention to the girl they loved than to anybody else. Well she'd make him get over his pride.

She couldn't obviously chase him—after all it just wasn't done. So she decided to meet him accidentally—that is accidentally on his part.

So she found out from Michael what time his classes got out every day—very subtly of course. She wouldn't for the world let Michael guess why she wanted to know. It seemed a shame to fool Michael that way because he really was so sweet, but after all when women were desperately in love, they'd do anything.

So every night, she got all dressed up and tried to meet him. She waited at the subway station until she knew all the apple sellers and their wives and children. She also developed a continual cold in her head.

But Ellen was determined and still very subtle. She found out all the places he was accustomed to go and managed to be always coming or going about the time she calculated he'd be there. But he and she must have calculated differently because she never saw so much as the end of his cigar. (He smoked cigars—little ones, though.)

That was in March.

She trotted around after him (incidentally, she was wearing her shoes out). As the seasons went by Ellen still stood at the subway station, changing the time every once in a while and still she always missed him.

Her only comfort was the law of averages. If that law could be trusted, sometime or other, she'd have to meet him.

Once she almost did see him. She was at a tea one Sunday afternoon. Somebody mentioned that he'd just left. Ellen nearly dropped her tea cup—but she said nothing. She was still being subtle, you see.

At first she was rather despondent but then the happy thought

came to her that he'd come to see her and not finding her, had gone. And Ellen tried harder than ever to meet him. The stories she made up to explain her presence, should she meet him, would have rivalled "The Arabian Nights."

The seasons changed and it was nearly March again. She began to doubt the law of averages.

One morning she received an invitation to Michael's Junior Prom. She looked at it dully, then tossed it aside. After all, Michael wasn't the least bit distinguished looking, and he didn't have a Ph.D., and he didn't wear spats. Poor Michael!

That night, the law of averages came true at last! F. Kendall Larrington almost fell over Ellen as he was coming up the subway steps. Now at last he would break down and confess that he loved her. She forgot her made up reason for being there.

"Mr. Larrington," she stammered; her voice sounded queer and husky, she still had a cold. "What a sup-pr-prise to see you here."

Mr. Larrington looked at Ellen. He was obviously embarrassed.

"The face is familiar," he smiled apologetically—really a very nice smile—"but I don't remember the name. What class—?"

At first Ellen thought she was going to faint—then she pulled herself together and ran all the way home.

She wrote to Michael in a hurried, shaky hand. "Thanks for the invite, I'll be there with bells on."

Dorothy Kilcoin, '34.

PERSONAL SERVICE

EVERY Friday, from four to six, two members of the Alumnae Advisory Committee wait in the Alumnae room to meet the students of the College. From time to time, bulletins appear reporting on the findings of the Committee. Occasionally a member addresses the undergraduates at general assembly. By this time, the work of the Committee must be generally known. The alumnae are in a position to render a real service to the girls of Saint Joseph's College. Not many girls, however, have dropped in to meet them. Apparently the aims of the Committee are not understood.

The Alumnae Advisory Committee was organized for two major purposes: (1) to provide a source of practical information on vocations open to college graduates and the routes thereto; (2) to permit contacts on the part of undergraduates with some one outside the faculty who might help them in making adjustments in college that would directly affect their future careers or help in the worthwhile pursuit of a baccalaureate degree.

Vocational opportunities have been investigated and a volume on "Careers" has been placed in the library. The book summarizes seventeen outstanding fields with their main subdivisions, and discusses advantages and disadvantages, qualifications needed, preparation, openings, earning possibilities, opportunities, and the place of women in each. Members of the Alumnae in various fields have published data about their special positions for the use of undergraduates. Others have been consulted and will gladly assist those who are interested in any of several fields like law, or medicine, or trained social service activities, or Girl Scout organization and administration, or personnel work.

To carry out their plans, the members of the Committee have corresponded with the lower classmen and have tried to meet them individually. The Friday afternoon interviews in the Alumnae room are open to everyone. Of course, no girl is overjoyed at

the prospect of foisting herself on an alumna with a host of questions about her future. Probably many think it foolish for the alumnae to expect the confidence of people they haven't even met. But the members of the Committee are addressing Saint Joseph's students through LORIA with the hope of convincing them that they want to know the girls and that they are willing to be of help whenever the girls are interested. They are not posing as successes in their field, who will give of their knowledge and wisdom to the young, but they do believe that they have learned a few useful things from four years at college and from actual experience after graduation, and that some students may be helped by having some one outside the faculty from whom they may ask information or advice. Those on the Committee may be able to indicate "short-cuts," or make contacts, or show girls where to obtain information on the subjects they are interested in. If students have had difficulties in adjusting themselves to life at Saint Joseph's, they may care to get the reactions of some one who has been through the College. This they should be able to do in a most informal way.

The Alumnae Advisory Committee cordially invites the students of the College to make use of its services. Its members will be glad to receive visits on Friday afternoons and to hear from them by mail. Even if the girls are not now in need of advice, they may be able to render a real service by making helpful suggestions. The graduate Committee is very anxious to do as much as possible at all times for the girls in the College and will welcome any constructive recommendations from the point of view of the undergraduates. MARY LOFTUS, '29.

LONGING

I WALKED on the hard, burning earth.
I sweated with earth's homeliness,
Weary, afraid to go on!
I came upon a pool
Of black, midnight water.
And I could not enter therein.

I was tortured with earth's buffets,
My face was hot with blows.
It ached with wanting.
I came to a forest
With a floor of cold, black earth,
And I cried out to lie down on it
And weep. But it could not be!

My soul was parched—
Where could I find that rest?
It is here—I am touching it.
Nay—it is gone.

MARTHE QUINOTTE, '34.

SONNET

OH, I am as high as any queen—and proud,
And many are the hearts tossed at my feet
And many tortured ones have cried aloud
To glimpse me as I passed them on the street.
And those who love me say I cannot love,
They claim my presence cold and far away.
Yes—most of these I place myself above,
Exacting toll I know they cannot pay.

And yet—to share again the moments spent
In all-sufficing peace with you; to slake
This maddening thirst, my proud back would be bent
And, naked, I'd be chained upon a stake.
I'd bow my head, be beaten down with lies
To wake an ancient dream within your eyes.

KATHLEEN SHEEHAN, '35.

OLD HASSAR

"WHY sits old Hassar in the sun?" the children ask. What is there in the green fig leaf against the noonday sky that holds his interest so? And why, when dusky evening drives away the playtime, does he wildly scatter golden coins upon the road—coins they are forbidden to touch? Why do the village mothers hold their children tightly and stop their ears against his screams—what says he that they cannot hear?

But parents of the village, knowing not, yet seeming wise, shake their solemn heads and send the children to their play.

* * * *

"Why sits old Hassar in the sun?" The old man blinked to see more clearly a stooped figure in the field. His neighbor in the field! Had *he* not a field that needed care? (That Bird upon the branch—how dull and black his coat—so dull and black it seems to quench the living blue of heaven. Why does it grow so large? Why spread the wings so to enclose him—to suffocate him in their empty depths. Its beak flashed golden in the sun! Gold!) He could not go to his field—his field did not matter—only Gold and Black and Something—Something he had said. . . . How warm the sunshine was.

* * * *

Far away there rose a cloud of dust. Old Hassar started. A rider coming into the village? Perhaps he was from Kagir bringing gold to him. (Why did he think Kagir would send him gold—Kagir whom he hated—Kagir of the scraggly beard, the pinpoint eyes and the twitching fingers—ah, how many times those fingers had snatched what was rightfully Hassar's! And still Kagir flourished. Did not the great Mohammed know what evil he had done?) No, Kagir would send no man gold. (And

yet he seemed to know that, one day, a servant came to him with gold—with more gold than Hassar had ever seen. How it had glittered in the sun—how its saffron glow had warmed his heart and how he had known it as his own and could not part with it. "My master, Kagir, sends you this." What matter who sent it—*now* it was Hassar's—Gold! he could not move his eyes from the glowing heap. And something had been said—about a Girl—it was—it was, "My master's son is enamored of your daughter." His daughter? And she was to wed young Kagir? Who, then, would attend to his wants? He thought vaguely of the soft, swift movements of the girl about the house—how desolate it would be without her . . . He felt her laughing, worshipping eyes bidding him take care during the day,—a phantom white hand curled gracefully about a phantom jug,—how he loved to watch her hands! He heard her voice as she sang gaily in the evening when he returned tired from the field. But in his gaze he held the Gold. He had never had Gold and what could he not get with it? "Tell your master he may have the Girl." Why did the Gold grow dimmer as he put out his hand to grasp it? Why—? but, no matter, it was *his* now.) The rider was approaching—ah, no, he had turned away. Why had he expected the horseman to come to him? Danger was near—the Black suffocation was upon him, he must warn the Girl—but he knew there was no Girl—something had happened—something the Black Bird knew—*it* knew why the Girl was gone and why old Hassar had gold pieces in his pocket. But he would not let it tell, he should not—And the old man rose and in a frenzy beat upon the branches of the fig tree.

* * * *

Hassar drew a gold piece from his pocket. He turned it in the sun upon his palm that he might know of all its depths of beauty. (Allah, take that Bird whose very Shadow covers every joy he knows with terrifying Blackness. What is there in the motion of its wings that tells him of a marriage feast prepared, a beautiful maiden waiting? Why must he know of the robbery near the mountains, the prospective young bridegroom lying dead

upon the road? Why must he see again old Kagir's wizened hand reach for his daughter in marriage? Let not the Shadow touch, now, even his gold!) Hassar smiled as he turned the gold lovingly in his palm. In the shadowing of the engraving he traced grotesque patterns. He saw the heavy richness of a darkened room, a curtain parting and a sparse, grey beard appearing suddenly in the obscurity. A white hand flashed against the velvet hanging and disappeared. A sob tore through his lips. He saw the cold glimmer of a thin knife—his fancy traced a trickle of blood from its point—He cast the coin wildly from him: a white hand held the knife at a white throat.

"Bird of Evil! Canst thou say I killed her? Was the fault mine young Kagir died? What then that his father demanded her, is't not according to the law? Why sit thee on my tree all day that I see nor earth nor sky but through the blackness of thy Wings? Why dost thou watch me, watch my every movement —thou knowest nothing—nothing. Thou canst not see my thoughts—thou canst not make me tell what I have done, for I was right. Why dost thou torture me so? Grow not so before my eyes—I cannot see, I cannot breathe—there is only Black and suffocating softness. Every feather in thy Wings holds the whisper of some message I sent to Kagir! Take thy talons from my throat! Remove them and I'll tell Them what I said!" The old man rose and, casting the Gold about the garden, screamed at a fleeting shape in the lurid moonlight, "Begone! Foul Bird of despair—thou hast gained thy purpose! Go! Go! dost thou not hear me proclaiming to the village that I killed her? Killed her —nay,—Why flash thy evil eyes with such delight? I did not kill her! I told her master—I told him Hassar had spent the money—*spent* it, dost thou hear, and could not pay it back. Kill her? *Kill* her? I killed her not! Go! it is the Truth."

The old man's cries tore through the heavy silence of the night and the children, creeping softly out of bed, saw not the broken figure in the moonlight, the agony on his face, the madness in his eyes, but marked only where he cast the gold.

Barbara Dannemiller, '35.

SCOTT INVADES AVERY

A CENTENNIAL EXHIBIT

IT was with high expectations that I made my way across the Columbia campus to Avery Hall, where the works and letters of Sir Walter Scott were on exhibition. The first thing that caught my eye when I entered the room was the lifelike portrait of Scott by Calvin Smith. Scott at the time of his sitting must have been well past fifty, but his is a remarkable portraiture of manhood. It is the picture of a hardy man with a keen intelligence mirrored in his face. His dark complexion makes a striking contrast for his white hair, which is worn almost to shoulder length. His whole countenance is strong and kind but it is his eyes that are the great point of the picture. They are not very distinct, rather they are veiled with a soft mystery. They seem to be peering far into the glamorous land of his own creation. It is said that this is one of the most successful attempts to point Scott's portrait. There are some twenty replicas of it. Scott himself says, "My own portrait is very like, but I think it is too broad about the jowls."

Fascinated though I was by the picture, I finally turned from the man to his works, since it was for that I had come. I must say that my enthusiasm fell a bit when I came upon a case filled with yellowed copies of "Quentin Durward." Surprisingly enough, I found myself growing enthusiastic over the French translation of the book, illustrated by the great French colorist, Fragonard. In the same case was a group of fourteen colored plates depicting the principal characters of "Quentin Durward" as they appeared before his Majesty the king of Bavaria in a quadrille.

These conventional exhibition pieces were forgotten when

I turned to the case containing letters and manuscript materials of Scott. As I gazed at these objects, I had a glorious feeling of looking in on Scott while he was out.

There were two letters which I tried very hard to read but I was unable to decipher the writing. I felt as if Scott were laughing at me and had made occasional words legible just to aggravate me. I did manage, however, to put together, piece by piece, this interesting portion of his journal:

"When I die, will the journal of these days be taken out of the ebony cabinet and read as the transient record of a man worth £60,000 . . . or will it be found in some obscure lodging house, where the decayed son of chivalry has hung up his 'scutcheon for some 20 *s* a week . . . ?"

The words of these old manuscripts seem to jump up, wet still with the ink of Scott. It is almost eerie to look at these papers and know that they were truly written by the author of "The Lady of the Lake." I felt proud and almost awed in the great feeling of nearness which enveloped me.

Some of the letters interested me more than others. Here are two concerning the authorship of the "Waverly Novels."

> My Dear M Scott: (The M was crossed out in an attempt at appealing informality.)
>
> If you are not the author of "Waverly" will you do me the favor to review the "Tales of My Landlord" for the Quarterly?
>
> I have the honor to be
>
> Yours sincerely,
>
> John Murray.

> My Dear Murray:
>
> You have no right to question me on the subject of "Waverly." What you want is a review of "Tales of My Landlord" and here it is.
>
> Yours truly,
>
> W. Scott.

There was a great deal of material concerning Scott's intimate life. The diary of John Ballantyne was something which made me feel more kindly toward the gentleman of villainous reputation. I was proud to be able to decipher his writing although it did take considerable patience. Of course the following portion of the diary was written during the early part of the acquaintance between Scott and Ballantyne:

"Scott called—his first call—this morning. He is as plain and simple and unaffected as ever. His friendship is as our older brother's but more effectual. What ought I not do for this man?"

One of the most interesting of the exhibits, to my mind, was the plan of Abbotsford made by Scott himself. I had always wanted to see Abbotsford, and I came as near it as I ever shall. The drawing was so well done that I felt I might almost find my way around the ancient castle. The details were intimate and revealing. There were provisions for small rooms for his collection of antiques—I could almost see them reflecting the firelight in a dimly lighted room at dusk. He had also written a very careful annotation for a school room for the "little folks."

When I looked at some of the books of Scott's library, I felt as if we might study by the side of this great man. He had scrawled all sorts of notes in the margins of these books, even in editions of his own works—as if to stay the frequent criticism that his writings needed revision. These notes made him seem so alive that, on turning my back on the exhibition, I could feel the mustiness of his library and smell the smoke from his pipe. I could even hear the deep resonance of his voice as it stopped in the enthralling tale of his life. And, as I came out into the open, the light dazzled me.

Marthe Quinotte, '34.

COUNTRY DOCTOR

WELL, it's certainly good to see you again, Camper. It's been thirty years, now, hasn't it? A long time—still, it seems as if it were only last week that you and I started out to set the world afire. Why, I remember things that happened in medical school better than what happened to me last week. Say, do you remember the time—h'm, we'd better not go into that, now, I suppose. You want to know all about this explosion, don't you? Well, let me see, that was Craig City that we just passed through, eh? That means we'll reach Jockey Creek in about half an hour. I guess I can tell you what I know about it in that time.

You see, I really know very little about the affair—only what I read in the papers, in fact. Jim Mitchell wired me to come and help, but he didn't explain much. Mitchell? No, I don't suppose you ever heard of him in the East—he's not what you'd call well known; not that he isn't good, for, if I am any judge, his is one of the finest minds in the profession.

It's a strange thing about the Mitchells. Jim and his father and *his* father—three of the best men ever to graduate from Farnley, yet you can count on the fingers of your hands all those, outside of these mountains, who ever heard of one of them. They spend their lives here, working among the poor miners, each taking up the work where his father left off. It's a sort of heritage; it's in the blood, I guess. There's no chance of money or renown here and the work is extremely hard and yet, inevitably, as one Mitchell becomes ready to leave, a son is there to take his place. Fools, you say? Perhaps. It all depends on what you mean by "fool." Take young Jim, for instance.

When that boy graduated from medical school he had a chance for a brilliant future that few men have after ten years of practice. He was, morever, ambitious. He was determined

that one Doctor Mitchell was going to be famous. Oh, he appreciated his father and he loved the mountains but he thought that his father had wasted his talents; had buried himself in the mountains when he should have been giving the world the benefits he could bestow. He had no intention of wasting himself that way.

So young Jim went to work in a very fashionable and quite famous private sanitarium that Charles Cosden established outside of New York. Cosden was a friend of Jim's father. He tried to induce the older man to assume charge of the sanitarium but was refused. About five years later, however, the younger took charge; partly because of Cosden's friendship for his father, partly because he was engaged to Cosden's daughter, Martha, but mostly because Cosden realized that the young man would make a huge success of the enterprise.

And Cosden had no need to regret his choice. Jim Mitchell spent himself on his work as his father and grandfather had spent themselves on the mountain folk. Jim, of course, got more out of it in money and glory.

At this point, Jim's father died. The Cosdens went with Jim to Jockey Creek to arrange for the funeral and to look after the old man's patients until some one came to take over the practice permanently.

The day after their arrival Jim went out to call on those cases which needed attention. He began early and worked all day. He was not a little taken back by what he found. Everywhere, he met people who made him realize what his father meant to those people. He found men and women whose faith in the dead man was second only to their faith in God. Then, suddenly, in the midst of his father's work he realized that he, too, belonged to the mountains. These people were like a sacred trust that he could, if he would, refuse.

When he returned to Martha and her father the whole thing looked different, somehow. The idea of giving up his future seemed foolish, then. Moreover, he knew that Martha would never consent to being the wife of a mere country doctor, a no-

body. He tried to convince himself that he was needed more elsewhere; that another man, better than he, perhaps, would take over the practice. He told himself, too, that he would be very careful about who came there to care for his father's people.

For two weeks he waited, and nothing happened. Day after day, he went out to look after his charges, waiting, with surprisingly little impatience, for the arrival of the new "doctor." Finally the man arrived.

He was a young fellow, the same age as Jim; in fact, they had gone through school together. Jim Mitchell didn't like him. He didn't like his looks, or his manner, or certain happenings in which he had been involved in school. He hesitated only a moment and then announced his determination to remain in Jockey Creek.

Martha Cosden? Oh, no, she didn't marry him. You couldn't expect her to, really. She wasn't born to it as Jim was.

But you want to know about the explosion. Well, it happened right in Jim's territory, among his people. It seems that —well, can you beat that? Here we are in Jockey Creek already.

Rose Frances Keegan, '34.

FOLLOWERS OF ESAU

O ESAU, thou of Bible's saddest lore,
Unheeding we your stumbling footsteps hound.
Our mess of pottage we have long since found.
Its acrid stuff we taste, and beg for more.
Unlike you, though, we cannot even see
Our birthright, slipping, fading into space,
As, headlong, dashing, with our blinded face
We rush, unknowing what the goal may be.
O God, are we all fools—all so insane—
A moment's joy seems worth eternal pain?

Elizabeth Zangle, '35.

LORIA

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EDITORIALS

SANCTUARY

"COME apart into a desert place and rest a little . . ." The love and understanding embodied in that blessed invitation are as real and patent today as when the words were first spoken to the group of weary and careworn Apostles.

No one who has experienced it will deny that life at college is as difficult as it is inspiring, as much a process of trial and growths as it is a romantically real adventure. It brings us prob-

lems that are burdensome in their weight and often poignant in their pain; it brings, too, exquisite joy. But whether our mood be one of happiness or sadness, the Prisoner of Love in the tabernacle is equally interested. There is no solace, no hope, no sympathy with buoyancy of spirit so great as in His Heart. The chapel is always open to us, and in its hallowed silence throbs the whisper: "Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

TAKING STOCK

If we had a period of stock-taking, as commercial enterprises do, what would the results be? How do we measure up to the standards of scholarship? Have we cast off that narrow provincial outlook which ought to be the first "excess baggage" shed by a college student, or have we become more deeply concerned with small matters and outworn viewpoints? Have we a sense of perspective—do great affairs interest and move us, or are cuts and reading lists the most vital problems in our lives? Do we realize the existence of a world outside, a world with problems in all fields, which we may be called upon some day to solve?

What of intellectual curiosity, of original work? Do we follow only the beaten paths, or have we learned to think for ourselves? . . . College develops these interests in us if we coöperate with it.

Let us answer these questions honestly. Let us discover whether we are getting all we can from the treasures at our disposal. And if we are not (as is probable), let's change that in us which is at fault, whether it be attitude or method. From now on, we'll coöperate with the college intellectually.

SENIOR RIGHTS

Why are the Seniors the "chosen people"? Why *must* they be the only ones to head societies and hold important offices?

Their extra year's experience does not change them so perceptibly that Juniors could not do this as well.

A Senior's program is a heavy one, particularly if she is pupil-teaching, and her hours are most inconvenient for meetings. Her chief interest should be studying, getting the most from the few brief moments of collegiate life left. Being saddled with the joys (and cares) of an office is not conducive to the scholarly detachment suitable for the last year. The president of the Undergraduate Association ought to be a Senior, but all other major office-holders should be Juniors.

The present Seniors have the offices—they are not concerned. Juniors are content with the existing system, since they expect to inherit titles next year. Sophomores will be eager for a change, as they will hold office a year earlier. But, sweeping all personal and class bias aside, what do you think? Do you agree with our views in principle?

INVITATION TO THE PRESS

We want to correct a popular misconception—Loria is not a staff magazine. It is designed to provide an outlet for expression for *all* the members of the college. Hence we solicit contributions from all of you. They may be given to any member of the Board, or left in the Pressroom—we assure you they will be welcomed with joy and given every consideration. Come one, come all—let us have your masterpieces.

IS TEACHING THE ONLY THING?

Although we are not sanguine enough to think that the depression is "all for the best," we cannot help thinking that there are a few advantages besides the one of its having become fashionable to be poor.

So many of us have been brought up in the teaching atmos-

phere—that is our sisters or fathers or aunts or friends have been teachers—that we have accepted teaching as a profession, unquestioningly, unswervingly, undoubtingly. If we have not been brought up in the teaching atmosphere, perhaps our reason for choosing teaching as a profession is because our parents have wished it since we were babies. Or even, perhaps, teaching has been the thing we ourselves have wanted to do ever since we were little girls in school with the backs of our older sister's arithmetic papers for roll books.

Whatever the reason may be, most of us have come to college with the idea of becoming teachers. In a great many cases this may be very good. Perhaps for some of us, teaching is the thing in which we will be happiest and most successful; but others, if they do not happen to fall into teaching (which seems very improbable at the present time), will be much more successful at something else.

A few of the alumnae, not only of St. Joseph's, but of six or seven other colleges, to whom we have talked, have said that since they have been unable to find teaching positions, they have taken any work they could get. Some are in business offices, some in department stores and a few in hotel service and social work. At first they were almost reluctant to say they liked it because after all, they had been trained to be teachers; but gradually they began to confess that maybe they liked it better than teaching after all.

To look at this question fairly, we must admit that we have talked to an almost equal number of alumnae who hate their positions (which incidentally can usually be called only jobs). But as Doctor Loftus said in his speech at the Mothers' Club, if these really want to teach and have courage, and are willing to wait, they will eventually get teaching positions.

If even a quarter of each graduating class could find some work that they like as well as, or better than, teaching—not for a temporary respite, but for a permanent life interest, surely then, this seemingly tragic waste of college training is not so tragic after all. Perhaps a greater number of intelligent college-

trained people, permanently situated in non-professional positions, might help a little to put business firms on their feet again.

Anyway, the depression has opened a new field of thought to college students. It has given us a wider field from which to choose. It has made us think that perhaps teaching is not the only thing—and we are sure to benefit by that result.

AS WE LIKE IT

THE Seniors are beginning to appreciate the truth of the old adage about expectation being stronger than realization. Certainly, we had been looking forward with anxiety and no little dread to that uncharted field, "pupil teaching." And now we find ourselves enjoying every minute of it. (Well—maybe not every minute of it. We had a pretty bad moment the other day when, in pursuance of our charge as official waterer of the head of department's plants, we soaked his brand new filing case.) Either high school students have grown much more lively and amusing than we were, or we never realized, when we were at that age, what engaging youngsters we were.

This happened in one of the observation classes. The teacher was emphasizing the fact that Great Britain is a commonwealth of nations and she had managed to extract the names of all the nations except New Zealand. One boy in front of the desk had waved his hand so long she finally called on him. He stood proudly and said, "I know, teacher. It's New Sizzland! New Sizzland!!"

We're beginning to have some doubts about that air of aloof dignity we had been cultivating as befitting a college Senior and a budding teacher. They began the day the officious class secretary stood in front of the room and announced in a loud, clear tone, "I have no card for that girl in the back of the room." (We were that girl in the back of the room.)

* * * *

Did you notice the worried look on the faces of some of the Seniors last month? They were wondering if they passed the literacy test required of first voters.

* * * *

Isn't the way hair grows and ungrows around here amus-

ing? It takes all the monotony out of life when you never know whether you will recognize your best friend the next time you meet her. It's a case of "now you see it, now you don't," or "bun, bun, who's got a bun?"

* * * *

Have you seen our new trick? It consists in writing someone's initials on a lump of sugar, dropping it into a glass of water, covering the top of the glass with the "someone's" hand, and tapping the side of the glass while the sugar is dissolving. When the hand is removed, it has the owner's initials on its palm. The physics department would be astounded at the ingenious and involved explanations that some of the victims offer in regard to this phenomenon. The true solution is, of course—but why spoil a perfectly good trick? Maybe we haven't tried it on you yet.

THE VOICE OF THE CITY

I

TWENTY-FOUR hours out of the twenty-four a vast tide of humanity surges along Fifth Avenue, overflowing into its side streets, seeming to beat against the stone and glass enclosing it. The tramp of many feet sounds endlessly along its walks. The noise of many motors makes a never-ending purr, punctuated by many notes of motor horns, musical and otherwise, the occasional shriek of grinding brakes, the clang of trolley bells. Over all is the running accompaniment of many voices, voices of every pitch and timbre. All these sounds blend into a mighty whisper that rises thousands of feet into the air—the voice of the city—all-pervading—the symphony of the six millions.

DOROTHY DUFFY, '36.

II

New Yorkers, this summer, became decidedly roof-conscious. All during August almost any portion of the city, viewed from

the top of a building just a bit higher than its neighbors, presented a strange panorama of multi-colored beach chairs, umbrellas and steamer rugs, being put to various uses by ingenious persons who had been fortunate enough to discover the advantages of the roof over the living room during the summer months. Some more ambitious souls, usually sheltered by a huge umbrella, played bridge; others, in bathing suits, inviting rather than shutting out the sun, stretched out on blankets, patting themselves now and then with some magic ointment guaranteed to produce a beautiful tan without the discomfort of a preliminary burn; weary business men, heads turned heavenward drinking in the wonders of nature, satisfied their innate desire for an outdoor life. With the end of summer, umbrellas and chairs and other roof paraphernalia were stored away with reluctance; serious devotees of the roof garden cult, sustained by enthusiastic plans for next year, are slowly becoming reconciled to the winter months. MARY WALSH, '35.

III

Countless New Yorkers pass me by with nothing more than a mere nod. By them, much to my regret, I am taken for granted. I'd like to be as interesting to them as I am to people who come from out of town. I realize that I am old but it is only the old who have lived. I stand overlooking New York Harbor; I can see the Statue of Liberty and Fort Jay and begin to reminisce. No one seems to realize that I am famous and that I have had a glamorous past. During the Revolution I was called Fort Clinton and later when I was abandoned for military services, New York City had me converted into a meeting place. And what important people walked inside my portals. Do you know that I housed a reception to the great Lafayette; that this famous Frenchman stood under my roof and acknowledged the acclaim of New York? Not many years later I was converted into a theatre and thence to the high dignity of the home of Grand Opera. You have probably forgotten that Jenny Lind appeared on my stage in 1847. But my life as a dramatic

satellite was short-lived, for in 1891 the Federal Government turned me into a receiving station for immigrants. I was called Castle Garden and I loved this better than any other period of my existence because it brought people to me. I like people. I enjoyed feeling that I had my arms stretched out to welcome the immigrants to their New World. How different they all were: some so eager, expectant and happy, others shy and silent. But they were all people, all looking to obtain happiness. I tried to be cheerful and to make their first impression a favorable one but I, too, would grow sad when I saw some unfortunate one deported. And then one day I saw a strange sight: the immigrant offices were torn down and workmen ran to and fro. I was scrubbed and painted, painted and scrubbed, until I did not know myself. Funny looking cases were moved in—one hundred and fifty in all. They were filled with water and bits of shrubbery. A pipe ran through the center of the case and made little dancing bubbles. Imagine my astonishment when the cases were filled with fish—big, little; fish of all colors and sizes. Shining black penguins now flip about in a pool in the center of my room. I have become the Aquarium. It is so lonesome standing here; not many come to see me. People throng Battery Park but few take enough interest to come in. I receive only a passing nod; to New Yorkers I am only the Aquarium. SUSAN B. SWANTON, '35.

THE LAST CHANCE

EVELYN, carefully arrayed for tennis, came primly down stairs. Her younger sister, curls flying, face flushed, came sliding past her down the bannister.

"Gangway, slow-poke," she called.

"Mary Lee, you're hopeless! But you'd better be on your good behavior when he comes and not be spilling soup in his lap the way you did when Mrs. Harrison was here. Aunt Lolla

would never forgive you. He's her last chance, you know, and don't be scaring him away."

"Her last chance, huh! Well if he really is, anything I do to scare him away won't do any good. Aunt Lolla'll grab him back by his coat tails to the altar."

"Mary Lee!" The older sister opened her brown eyes in dismay.

"Don't look shocked. As if you aren't running after Ronnie Harrison as if he was your last chance." Mary Lee was at a safe distance as she spoke.

"Why you impudent little—I've a mind to smack you."

"Better not—here's Ronnie now. If you call me 'darling' or any other mush while he's here, I'll just up and tell him what a sneak y'are."

Evelyn pushed her into the dining-room, slammed the door and went forth to meet Ronald.

* * * *

Dinner proved more than interesting to Mary Lee. She sat, primly as possible, next to the "last chance." And he was a nice last chance. One would think Lolla'd snatch him up quickly. He had such nice friendly eyes, which went all crinkly when he smiled, a nice kind of smile . . . and he had such a wild bunch of hair, you'd like to run your fingers through the reddish curls. He was much younger than any of the other "last chances" Lolla had had, oh thirty-five or forty maybe—yes, forty. Aunt Lolla said she had not seen him in twenty years and he was nineteen when he'd wanted to become engaged—but Lolla hadn't. (Evelyn said so, wishing Ronald had such romantic inclinations.) Lolla had refused. He was just a farm hand then, but now he was a doctor, and headed a hospital or something. Mary Lee wondered if he had as much money as that dairy man that wanted to marry Lolla last year. He was disgustingly rich. But Lolla just up and got snooty and refused him. Mary Lee had overheard Mrs. Harrison telling Ma Grey that Lolla certainly had the courage—what with his money and her getting crow's feet around her eyes. Mary Lee couldn't see anything that looked

like a crow's foot. Aunt Lolla's eyes were shiny with lovely lights dancing in them. She'd be awfully gorgeous in a bridal veil. Like that girl on the cover of Evelyn's new magazine, the one Ronnie gave her. She, Mary Lee, would be flower girl and wear a new pink net. Sally said pink net looked exquisite with blond hair—but then Mary Lee's was red—like the "last chance's." She was glad of that. They had something in common and Evelyn said that was a sign they'd be good friends. That's how she could tell about Ronnie.

The fireplace would be gorgeous to be married near—all dressed like an altar. Mary Lee let her soup chill thinking of it.

"Mary Lee, what in the world are you dreaming of." It was Aunt Lolla's voice.

"Aunt Lolla—get married by the fireplace, huh? I was just thinking that—"

"But, my dear child, whatever made you think I was getting married?"

Mary Lee turned puzzled eyes to the "last chance" and then slowly back to Lolla—

"Oh!" she said in a small voice. "I mean—nothing did—I was just imagining."

Lolla looked very red, the Last Chance a bit wistful.

Mother said: "Mary Lee, as soon as you finish, you'd better retire."

"Yes, Mother." Hmm, that was Mother's company voice.

As Mary Lee closed her eyes for sleep, she heard her Aunt's sweet voice singing, "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny." Well, he lived in Maryland and that was a big enough hint. Aunt Lolla couldn't tell him right out. She was a lady. Mother said so.

A few hours later Mary Lee was awakened by muffled tears.

"Aunt Lolla!"

"Oh, my angel—"

"You're crying!"

"Yes, darling. Your little faux pas won me a husband."

"My what?"

"Timothy said he'd felt like a lost man when you suggested my getting married to someone else. He—well, he asked me again. I'm so happy—boo hoo—"

"Well you needn't cry about it. But after all, it was a close shave."

IRENE COSTARINO, '33.

PALS

NOSE—Tongue—Eyes—and Tail,
Upon these four things hang the tale.

Nose—wiggly, cold and black,
Tongue—ready to return your pat,
Eyes—shaggy, quite out of view,
Tail—wagging—that's a greeting for you.

Nose wiggles: Well, how was class today?
Tongue licks: Didn't you buy any sweets on your way?
Eyes sparkle: Now we'll get that ball and play.
Tail droops: Oh pshaw, wonder why she ran away?

MURIEL E. STEINBRECKER, '33.

ALUMNAE NOTES

MARRIAGES This summer certainly was a popular time for weddings with the Class of '28. Virginia Stack married Thomas O'Loughlin and spent her honeymoon in Europe. Agnes Kelly married John Bryan, and Margaret Sullivan married Alexander Mezey. Eugenie Cormier is now Mrs. Ahders. Constance Rick is the remaining member of the quintet of '28 who chose this summer for their wedding dates. Mareitta Rockefeller, '26, was married to Harold Ryan this summer. On October 15, Grace Weglein, '29, became Mrs. Arthur Mandell. Mary Miner, '30, will be married on Thanksgiving Day. Margaret Reilly and Zita Hawkins, also of '30, will be her bridesmaids.

BIRTHS Genevieve Archipoli, '30, has a young son. Katherine Normile Mylod, '26, also has a young son. Kay Kilgallen Rooney, '26, and Margaret Lynch O'Toole, '25, each announce the birth of a child. Catherine Hannon Hines, '25, is receiving congratulations on the birth of a third son. Helen Straub Hilman, '26, goes her one better by her announcement of the birth of a fourth son.

RELIGIOUS Mary Dwyer, '32, has entered the Franciscan order.

PROFESSIONAL Margaret Ferry, 31, is studying for her M.A. at St. John's. Marie Manno and Frances Dieckert, both of '32, are studying for their M.A.'s at Columbia. Genevieve Finn, '31, is at Brooklyn Law School. Eleanor McLaughlin, '31, at Manual; Catherine Carrington, '31; at John Adams; Mary Marino and Marguerite Doyle, '30, at Bushwick;

Mildred Bogan, '30, at Abraham Lincoln, and Helen Newman, '31, at Samuel Tilden, are all making life pleasant for the pupil-teaching St. Joseph Seniors at their respective schools.

ABROAD Marie Foley, Mary Sheehy and Regina Cogan, all of '32, returned from Europe on the *Berengaria* on September 23. Other alumnae who spent their vacations in Europe were: Katherine Kelly, Lucille Jacobson, Kathleen Bishop and Virginia Engel, all of '32, and Eileen Jane McLoughlin, '28.

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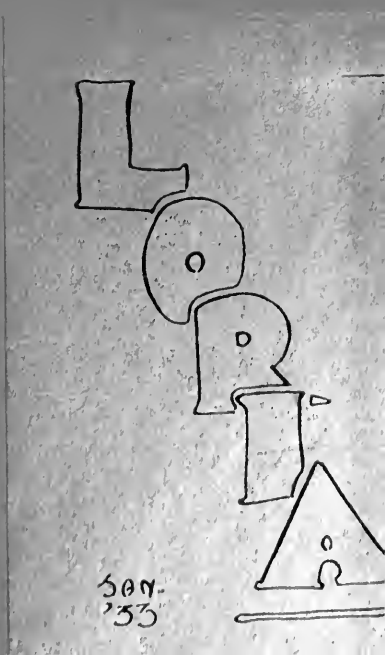
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LORIA

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Published by the Students of

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

BOARD OF EDITORS

Associate Editors

Volume X **Number 2**

JANUARY • CONTENTS • 1933

LORIA is published four times during the scholastic year by the students of St. Joseph's College for Women, Brooklyn, New York. Subscription, two dollars a year.

Entered as second-class matter, December 21, 1926, at the post office at Brooklyn, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

MOOD OF MAGIC

I AM a gypsy. . . .
"Strange," you say,
"I hadn't noticed . . . till today."
But hear . . . the stirring
Strains from Romany
Pulsating on the air.
And see . . . how black
My hair, how fine
And full, lustrous as
Ebony. . . . My mouth,
How curved, and soft,
Passionate and wild;
And bright, my eyes lit
By the dreams
Of a romantic race.
See my brown limbs
Moving with grace
To the throbbing violins. . . .
See my spangled skirt
Aflutter, swishing gaily . . .
My jewelled bracelets
Clinking, tinkling,
Scintillating
In the soft red glow.
My tambourine is
Clashing . . .
Crashing with the
Mad, wild song.

Then suddenly
The song has ceased!
The magic spell
Is broken, gone!
Muted, the vibrant strings.
Dulled, the soft glow
That lent enchantment
To my dance.
Gone the illusion of romance . . .
See, in the light,
With tears my eyes are bright.
My mouth is grim
And hard . . .
And streaked, my hair,
With white. . . .

J. Stella Azzaretti, '36.

Lad

RITA HERZOG, '34

MY real name is Laddie Boy but everyone calls me Lad. I belong to the Grangers who live on the old post road to Reading. There's a mother and a father and a daughter Sue. I'm Sue's dog. Mrs. Granger doesn't like me, in fact every time she has a chance she says to her husband, "John, if you knew the way that dog tracks up my clean floor and how he tears my curtains, you'd get rid of him." All her husband does is bury his head in his paper. I like him.

I like Sue, too. Sometimes she sits and talks to me. If she's feeling very sad she hugs me and says, "Laddie, you're the only person in the whole wide world who loves me." Then she cries a little bit and I lick her elbow just to let her know that I understand. When she's feeling good she chases me all around the house and then I chase her. It's a lot of fun. Sometimes she gets mad at me, too. One day she came downstairs with something hazy hanging over her face. It was sewed on to her hat. "How do you like the veil, Daddy?" she asked.

Mrs. Granger answered before he had a chance. "If you ask me, Sue, you're much too young to wear one of those things."

Her father laughed. "And if you ask me, it looks like a crab net."

Sue bounced out of the room and I after her. So it was a crab net —well, I knew from experience that a crab net smells simply delicious. Sue was talking half to herself and half to me as she trudged up the stairs. "Imagine, Lad, sixteen years old and they still think I'm a child. I suppose I won't be allowed out of the house with it on and I'm late now." She threw it on the bed and went in to get washed. Here was my chance. I grabbed the hat and the crab net and started over to see Pepper. Pepper is the dog who lives down the road.

"Hi," said Pepper, "what've you got there?"

"A crab net," I barked, "want a smell?" and then I started to run. Pepper chased me all around the yard, under the fence and through the corn fields. Just at the right moment I slowed down and he caught me. He grabbed the hat and then it was my turn to chase him. He even swam across the brook to the Widow Blake's farm but I swam right after him. I caught him all right and then we had a tug of war. We were both even when old Widow Blake came out and shouted, "Heh, you dirty dogs, get out of here." Imagine my feelings when Sue had given me a bath only the day before. Pepper and I ran and when we got to his house, his

master was calling so he said, "Listen, Lad, you bring the crab net home with you and tomorrow morning we'll play with it again."

I trotted home with what was left of the hat and at the door I bumped smack into Sue. "Hi, Lad," said she, "what have you got there?" In one fatal moment she recognized the hat. "Ooooooooh, you wicked dog, I could kill you. Mama, look what Lad did to my hat." She grabbed me by my black ear and dragged me into the house.

"Well," said Mrs. Granger, "seems to me, Sue, the dog has more sense than you. But remember, I always told you, that Lad would come to no good. You ought to get rid of him." Golly, Sue was mad at me. She wouldn't even speak for two whole days. She got over it when her mother brought home a new hat which she said was exactly like the one Greta Garbo had worn in her last picture! I dunno.

One morning I was asleep in front of the stove when Mrs. Granger came in to make the breakfast. She must have been putting on her glasses, 'cause she never noticed me and of course she tripped. She fell smack on the glasses and then she got mad. "This settles it," she screamed in my face, "today I'm going to send you to the Pound." I didn't wait to hear any more, but made a dive for the back door and headed over to see Pepper. At least he was some one who understood a dog. On the way I saw a white poodle, trotting along the road. Gosh, she was pretty! She had just been washed and around her neck she had a big pink ribbon. That's all right for a girl but not for me. I ran up to her, wagging my tail and very politely I said, "Lovely morning, isn't it?"

She sniffed her black button nose and said, "Sir, you're only a mutt. Don't speak to me."

That got me mad. "Listen," said I, at the same time keeping step with her, "I'm three-fourths thoroughbred and you can't insult my parents by calling me a mutt. Madam, I bid you good-day," and with that I trotted off with my nose in the air and my tail curled as tight as I could get it. As soon as she was out of sight I felt pretty blue. After all, three-fourths isn't as good as full breed. I began to feel real sad because on top of that I was going to be sent to the Pound. Truly I was leading a dog's life. I was in deep thought when Pepper came running down the road to me. "Hi, Lad," he shouted, "want to go hunting for rats?"

"Sure," said I, "where are they?"

"Never mind, follow me."

He kept on running and I turned and chased him. We flew past his house and into the woods beyond. By now we were neck and neck. I didn't know where we were going but nevertheless I'd get ahead of him

and then he would cut in on me. Suddenly we came right out into a clearing. Here stood an old barn and at the sight of it I could just smell those rats. Pepper stopped short and I was going so fast that I sprawled over him and landed on my nose. "Gee," I said, "it wouldn't hurt to tell a fella you were stopping."

"No crabbing now," said Pepper, "you just stick with me and I'll show you how to get in." We ran around to the back and he began digging at the side of the barn. I started digging, too, and pretty soon we had a hole big enough to crawl under. In a few minutes we were inside. Golly, what swell smells. There was hay all over the floor, a couple of old bones and some blankets were scattered about and there were harnesses and lanterns hanging on the walls. I started for the bones but Pepper said, "Listen, dopey, you don't want to scare the rats, do you? Well, then sit down and wait for them to come out." We sat and sat and I was beginning to get drowsy. All of a sudden we heard a noise over by the blankets. First my black ear stood up and then my white one. Both of Pepper's jumped together. We stared at the blankets and slowly a big fat rat ran out. We both made a dive for him but he saw us coming. He ran up the stairs to the loft and we ran after him. That was one smart rat. He ran in back of the bales of hay so easily that Pepper and I thought we could do the same. Pepper nearly had him in the corner when one of the harnesses fell on him. He thought some one hit him and started to yelp, so of course I had to stop and help that dumb mutt get untangled.

By that time the rat had gotten clean away. We went downstairs again and pulled those blankets apart, but as I told you, that was one smart rat! Then we decided to give up hunting and started chasing each other home. When we stopped at the brook to get a drink we found a dead fish on the bank. Pepper and I started to fight over it and rolled over and over in the dirt, most of the time with the fish on the bottom. Pepper finally got it and headed for the Blake farm. I was right after him and was chasing him around the house when the widow came out. "You dirty dogs" was as far as she got 'cause Pepper and I didn't wait to hear the rest. We knew it by heart. On the road I caught up with him and grabbed the fish. Then I started for my house. We were both going so fast that we never noticed the white poodle trotting along. Bang, I bumped right into her and Pepper on top of me. For a few minutes the road was pink ribbon and fish. All of a sudden Pepper and I stopped but the poodle kept right on rolling around in the dust yelling, "Let me go. Let me goooooo."

After all, Pepper and I are gentleman, so we helped her up. Was she indignant! She started in, "You big mutts," but we didn't wait to

hear her finish, either. Pepper grabbed the fish and started to run and I after him. We just got to his house when his master called. "Darn it," said Pepper, "I have to go. Here Lad, you take the fish. I'll try to sneak over tomorrow to your house."

When Pepper said tomorrow, I suddenly realized that I wouldn't be there; I'd be in the Pound. Suddenly I had an inspiration. Maybe Mrs. Granger would like me if I gave her the fish. I decided I would and headed for home. No one was on the porch when I got there so I pushed open the screen door and headed for the parlor. Mrs. Granger wasn't there but a fat lady and a skinny lady were. They were drinking something out of little white cups. "Yes," said one to the other, "I do hope we can persuade Mrs. Granger to join. I know she'll make a MARVELOUS member."

"Well," said I to myself, "this is a wonderful break. I'll not only get in good with Mrs. Granger, but I'll impress the neighbors." I grasped the fish firmly in my mouth and ran up to the fat lady.

"Oooooooo," she screamed, "I'm going to faint. Mrs. Granger, quick."

Pretty soon the skinny lady began to scream too, and when I looked at her she was standing on a chair and yelling at the top of her lungs, "Oooh, I'll die. Mrs. Grannnggeerrr, quick."

What a swell game I thought, so I put the fish down and began running around the room barking. The fat lady didn't scream any more. She was just slumped in her chair, but the skinny one made up for her. In a few minutes Mrs. Granger came running in. Of course, the first one she saw was me, so she shouted, "Get out of here, you mutt."

I grabbed what was left of my fish and ran out the back way to the dog house. I was heartsick. Here I was trying to do a good turn and now I could bet a couple of fish that I'd be in the Dog Pound tomorrow. I'm kind of a brave dog but that's no end for a mother's son and a couple of tears sneaked down my face. Pretty soon the noise from the house stopped, but I didn't dare go in.

Supper time came and Sue called me. "Here, Lad, mother wants you." I knew her mother wanted me so I wouldn't come out. "Honest, Lad," Sue called again, "she has a surprise for you." I thought it was kind of mean for Sue to lie to a dying dog, but I thought I'd be obedient to the end and so out I came. Sue brought me into the dining room and put a big bowl of soup next to her place for me. Mrs. Granger was so busy laughing she didn't even notice me.

Soon she stopped. "Honestly John, it was the funniest thing I ever saw. You know the two of them, Mrs. Bossett and Mrs. Fletcher, are terrified at the sight of a dog. Well, this afternoon they came to see me

and you remember how they've snubbed us ever since we didn't go to the church fair. Well, today they were out looking for members for their new club, the Seven Self-Sacrificing Sisters, and invited me to join. I excused myself a minute, to put the kettle on, as I said, but really to give myself a chance to decide whether to put them out or ask them point blank why they wanted me, when I heard the most awful screeches. I ran in and here was Mrs. Bossett in a dead faint, and Mrs. Fletcher, ha, ha, screaming her head off. For a minute I was scared—I didn't know what had happened, but then I saw that Lad had brought in the remains of a dead fish and I knew. I chased him for his life and got Mrs. Fletcher, ha, ha, to come down off the chair. Then I brought in the smelling salts and we managed to bring Mrs. Bossett around. And you should have heard that woman swear! Oh, oh. The two of them marched to the door and Mrs. Fletcher said, 'I'd wish you good day, Mrs. Granger, but I'd only be telling a lie, and as a good church-going woman that would be against my principles.' Well, I sat down and started to laugh and I haven't stopped since. Now they'll only have six self-sacrificing sisters instead of seven."

Here Mr. Granger joined in the laughter and soon Sue was laughing away with them, so I started to bark. Suddenly Sue stopped, "Mother, you aren't going to send Lad to the—the—the Pound, are you?"

Mrs. Granger was half smiling and half serious, "Why Susan, don't let me hear you mention it again. Pound is a HORRID word."

WINTER SONG

THERE is a white moon gleaming in the snow,
Strange and silent in the silver glide of night;
There is a music in its cold white light
That bound our hearts together long ago.

Your song was sweetest when the winter wind
Rushed madly in the rhythm of the night,
Bearing one ecstacy unto the height,
And winter's song our trembling hearts entwined.

. . . .

There is a waning candle burning low
That lifts its quivering fingers, as our love,
And seeks no more to reach the moon above;
Love, in its helpless fading in the snow.

There is a white moon gleaming in the snow,
Strange and silent in the silver glide of night.

Helen Laura, '35.

In the Village

HELEN LAURA, '35

A JUMBLE in the modern tone . . . a long, dark passage . . . slant-eyed waiters quietly slinking in the corners . . . students . . . pictures of grotesque and fantastic figures . . . a mélange . . . tapestries of old China . . . bamboo tables . . . crimson glasses, willow plates and bamboo doilies . . . an attic skylight 'midst a reed ceiling . . . crimson, green, blue, brown . . . a jumble in the modern tone.

Hanging gardens and darkness . . . little private rooms that peep from unexpected places . . . quiet intellectuality . . . tea and orange marmalade on English muffins . . . high talk . . . women who speak at poetry meetings . . . gentlemen immersed in modern art . . . a negro waitress in white . . . French windows leading into a garden . . . a waterfall . . . ferns . . . brown . . . hanging gardens and darkness.

A little hole in the wall . . . sedate brownstone stoop and sprawling stands of a Village fruit store . . . steam covered windows . . . marble topped tables . . . Victor, the portly, beaming . . . "Ha gooda evening" . . . two bare glaring electric bulbs . . . red . . . a little hole in the wall.

IMPOTENCY

OH, gaunt trees, black against a winter sky,
Alone, bereft of every singing bird,
Your loneliness is fallen like a cry
Upon me. You who once were gently stirred!
The wind, from far beyond the world where sound
Is blended into silence, soon beguiled
You with a summer music. Now, profound,
The wind of winter surges bitter, wild.
The wind will no more whisper. Wind is swift
In change as water. You are ever flayed
And yet you wait for gentleness to sift
The hurt—always expectant, soon betrayed.
Ah wasted trees, your helpless branches strain
Into the wind inviting, wanting—pain.

Kathleen Sheehan.

Greenwich Village

J. STELLA AZZARETTI, '36

GREENWICH VILLAGE, for me, represents glamour, adventure, the touch of beauty that makes a humdrum, monotonous existence livable. My love for the place is, I suppose, rather sentimental; but it is sentiment based on something more than mere idealization. It is based on pleasant memories and associations.

I was born in a shabby but comfortable little studio apartment on Twelfth Street, and when I was only a few months old, my family moved to the "house with the brass railings" on Barrow Street. It was there that I experienced my first "real" adventure. One day, at the early age of four, I expressed a profound desire to see the world, unaided by the dear aunt who acted as my constant chaperone. Accordingly, I cautiously wended my way down to the front door. I stood there, gazing with wide, frightened eyes at the noisy, playful people about me. After a scant minute had elapsed, an elderly gentleman passing by, greeted me with a cheerful, "Good morning, little girl." I took one terrified look at his large, smiling face, his glistening teeth—then up—up I catapulted, dashing madly, fearing that every step would be my last. That pleasant but terrifying face haunted me every step of my climb till I had reached the door, slammed it behind me, and thrown myself weeping wildly into my grandmother's arms. It was the last time I ever ventured alone to the door of the "house with the brass railings."

My days were all spent shopping with Grandma and philosophizing from my third-story window, but my evenings were quite different. In the evening, Mommie and Aunty came back from work. We ate a hasty supper, and then one or both of them would take me to the Washington Square Park. These evenings gave me great joy, for they meant playing and laughing with children of my own age. They meant conceding to the more aggressive of my park playmates and delightfully patronizing the younger children in view of my two or three months' supremacy of age. When there were no children to play with, I would kneel, entranced, at the edge of the great splashing fountain. It was a source of great wonder to me, why the fountain played all night as well as all day; for at night, it had no one to watch it. On clear, cold winter nights, the stars would glimmer and dance in the splashing waters, and every little ripple would catch and reflect the gleam of the tiny, crystal-like stars. Sometimes Mommie and I would take long walks along the queer, crooked

little streets in the very center of the artists' quarter. I would gasp and laugh with delight at the odd little stone houses with the red geranium pots on their window sills.

The villagers who constituted this Greenwich Village of mine were not, according to tradition, madcap Bohemians; they were merely friendly, informal people . . . lovers of the arts and of the æsthetic. The most beautiful memory I cherish of my childhood friends is that of the incomparable Sonya, after whom I have been nicknamed because of my abiding love for her. Sonya was the owner of my small fairy land—a little shop where were to be found little square boxes with silver dragons writhing on the covers . . . long, jade, carved cigarette-holders . . . large, round, amber beads in long strands . . . mysterious, embroidered black satin tapestries . . . ivory fans with delicate dancing figures painted on them . . . tiny statuettes of bacchanalian dancers . . . little odd medals of all denominations . . . and many trinkets from old Cathay. Sonya, herself, was exquisitely beautiful. She had a pointed, pale face, with large, clear amber eyes, vividly carmine lips, a high white forehead, a long slender throat, and hair that seemed alive—it was so curly and black and lustrous. It stood like a gorgeous black aura atop her beautifully poised head. I never could discover exactly who she was. . . . I knew that she painted, for I had seen her doing so. . . . She was probably Hungarian, or Russian . . . surely something romantic. I have made many conjectures about her, and I often wondered if perhaps she had been a high-born Russian princess—forced to flee from her ancestral home because of the fury of the revolutionists. I heard, years after we had moved, that Sonya had died of consumption . . . like other great artists.

After we had moved from the "house of the brass railings" to common, ordinary, ugly, old Brooklyn, I used to look forward to the monthly visits I paid my aunt in Greenwich Village. During these visits I would walk along familiar streets, lose myself in crooked, cozy little alleys, press my nose against the windows of trinket shops, nod at smiling faces, and experience the satisfying feeling of being "at home" again. Another tragedy occurred to me when my aunt bought a house in the Bronx and left my beloved Greenwich Village.

It is now several years since I have visited the Village as one bearing the magic key of kinship. My last few visits were too reminiscent to be thoroughly enjoyed. They flavored of visiting a desecrated old shrine. I walked the same pavements, trod the same cobblestones; but there were little differences that wrung my heart. I caught the fountain unaware, in a mood as dejected as my own. It was dry and had forgotten the myriads of stars in the heavens. The brass railings are gone from my

house on Barrow Street. The stable of the jolly red-haired man across the street has been closed up, and a small swinging sign informs one that "Ye Olde Forge" is to be found within. Greatest sacrilege of all—Sonya's and my tiny shop of Cathay has been converted into a hand-laundry. The streets are no longer quiet. . . . They are filled with intruders, with interlopers . . . the hoi-polloi which seeks to amuse itself at the cost of the more serious. The old Villagers are seeking new quarters. Where they are moving, if they are moving, I have yet to find.

Perhaps my Greenwich Village is a mythical one . . . a village that never really existed, one that sprang from a few realities and a child's active imagination. To me, the Village was a quiet, quaint little oasis of harmony, of beauty, of individuality in a desert of sand mounds of identical shapes, with tiny inconsequential ants moving in and out of them. When I want rest from reality, my mind automatically turns to contemplation of the Village with its congenial, informal inhabitants . . . people whose lives were just a little bit different, a little bit more interesting than those of ordinary people. Even if I can never find the exact location of my Village, it will always be my most cherished remembrance. To my mind, it will always be the perfect personification of three adjectives: whimsical, æsthetic, bizarre.

THE FISH

GREEN-GOLD and deeply sheenèd black,
A supple arrow shot through water's blue.
It caught pale glints on copper scales
And, shimm'ring, darted sleekly swift
Through dancing waves and foamy spray.

It swayed green lace in gardens of the sea.
It cast a darkly velvet shade
On coral castles glowing pink
Against the sand's smooth, purest white.
At night it felt the moon's cold beam.

It dipped, it slid, it glided ever on,
And never ceased its liquid flow.
Through beauty passed, to beauty went,
Behind it left a sea serenely sweet
In loveliness untouched by man's rough hand.

Elizabeth Zangle, '35.

"Dear Sue"

MARY McLERNON, '34

December 28, 1932.

Dear Sue,

Your smart little compact was one of the most welcome gifts I received this year. It's a grand feeling to know that there's really some powder on your puff and not just the worn-down refill that I've been using for the past two months.

I say in no exaggerated words that I like your gift better than any of the others I received—O, yes, there were others, but you would have to see some of them to know what they actually were! Even then I found it hard. First, Aunt Harriet of Homeydale sent me the most stupid lace curtain I ever laid eyes on. And dear old Aunt Harriet didn't even say what I'm to do with one lace curtain! I tried throwing it over the Baby Grand but it looked like a too large dust cloth so I abandoned that idea. Right now I'm using it to wrap up some china dolls that I'm feeling sentimental about. Cousin Tess sent a framed linen doilie with the aphorism, "Silence is Golden," embroidered on it. "Something to hang in your bedroom," she put it. I think she has an idea I talk in my sleep.

Horace Manly, that boy I met this summer, sent me a philosophy book in Latin. Did you ever hear of such a thing? My brother says that's what I get for pretending I was the intellectual type. Well, I'll know better next time. I'm sending the book to the missionaries in the Philippines. I hear they like that sort of thing.

The most peculiar gift of all was the thing I got from the lady next door. When I first looked at it I thought it was a blouse. Then I decided it was much too long for a blouse. It must be a dress. But no one else seemed to think so. It didn't even have arm holes. I had just made up my mind that it must be a new Summer evening wrap when the lady next door called up to find out if the canary liked her new cage cover!

I suppose you realize by now how sincere I am when I say your gift was by far the smartest I received. Through a maze of rustic Christmas gifts, I remain, As ever, Mary.

P. S.—This conglomeration of presents has really given me a complex. I'm thinking now it's I who am queer, not the relatives.

Rupert's Classic Advice

ELIZABETH ZANGLE, '35

My dear Elvira:

Your last letter, which told me of the unfortunate disposition of Mrs. Crockett, your new landlady, left me acutely concerned for your welfare. It must be an uncomfortable position indeed for a gentle-woman of your breeding and moral character to find herself stranded (if I may use that very realistic term) in a small town in Montana, with no income to speak of, and no alternative but to remain in "Mrs. Crockett's Boarding House for Refined Methodists."

I regret to inform you, my dear Elvira, that your urgent request for a monetary loan on my part cannot possibly be substantiated at this time. Clara and the children require every penny of my inadequate salary. Georgina is becoming quite a young lady, and grows out of her clothes in a startling and incomprehensible way. However, despite my inability to forward to you any concrete aid, I can, as the result of much deliberation and earnest contemplation of your situation, offer you excellent advice upon dealing with the surly Mrs. Crockett.

Endeavor to ascertain, my dear Elvira, the date of your landlady's birthday. When she receives a cheerful, loving little card from you, she cannot but be touched. Sentiment is always appreciated, and I feel sure that even Mrs. Crockett will warm towards you once she realizes your good heart.

You mentioned in your letter that Mrs. Crockett's cooking was deplorable. Now, Elvira, even if the coffee does remind you of luke-warm dish-water, or the chocolate pudding of boiled liver (by the way I thought those peculiarly ill-chosen similes, my dear Elvira), laud your landlady's cooking to the skies. You cannot be too particular when, at any moment, your rent money may come to an end.

Clara and the children will continue to pray for your safety. We all regret exceedingly your unfortunate position; still, I cannot but feel, Elvira, that the situation in which you find yourself is not the entirely unjust result of your going out west in search of romance—a maiden lady of your age.

Your loving brother,

Rupert.

Tribute

MARTHE QUINOTTE, '34

I

THE cosmopolitan character of the audience was remarkable. Furred and jeweled ladies graced the front rows. Pedantic individuals, who "ah'd" ecstatically, clasped their hands for the appreciation of their neighbors. True admirers stared hard ahead with a hopeful dream in their hearts.

There was a universal gasp when the door opened and Rachmaninoff, with majestic grace and dignified step, walked across the stage and sat down at the piano. I wonder if he felt the thousand eyes upon him, if he heard the thousand prayers for beauty. I wonder, too, if he knew of the thousand hearts bowed before his greatness. As his hands were poised above the keyboard the silence was loud, the silence of breathless listeners.

It mattered not that I did not understand the crescendo, that I did not recognize Chopin's "Fantasie." I felt as if in the immense beauty I had grown great; if I stood up, I might tower high above the people. I had a wild desire to cry back to the night sky some of the great wonder I had witnessed.

As the "Moonlight Sonata" progressed I felt old; the poignant loveliness left me cold and alone. Surely I had missed that part in life which was the breath of May mornings in a dew-laden apple-orchard. Here I had found it and in its greatness it had left me far behind.

The "Prelude in C-sharp Minor" was unforgettable. It was the poet reading his own poem. In it his voice grew loud and strong and you were forced to listen to harsh, bitter, but true words.

The music stopped. I tried hard to shut some of this great feeling into the darkness of my heart where I shall treasure it and safeguard it for years to come.

II

The flower for which the poets make poems, the flower for which the ladies sigh, the immortal jewel of nature was honored in the recent exhibition of French flower paintings. Exotic flowers, humble blossoms, all were there and all entranced me.

I watched two ladies, "artfully" inclined, who seemed much im-

pressed by the "Roses Blanches" of Van Gough. The picture was a large bowl of white roses. The appeal lay wholly in a weird green light which suffused the entire painting. It is strange to say that a bowl of flowers has personality but these green roses made me remember a cool, well-poised lady who demanded the appraising eye of her audience though she disdained haughtily the proffered admiration. The "Deux Roses dans un Verre" made me think of the quick, laughing moods of a girl in love. It was a lovely, careless gesture that the artist had portrayed with these two drooping roses in a glass of clear water against absorbing shadows.

My eye was soon attracted to a canvas which I had heard some one term the "chef d'œuvre" of the show. It was a gigantic affair which the artist explained represented the conception of flower for the machine age. I was told that it was supposed to be a rose. It seemed like a huge purple mushroom to me. It had some merit, however—it made me all the more thankful for the fragile bouquet next to it. The lovely thing had just been picked from a midsummer's garden and was still fresh with cool rain. The creamy whites and the delicate pinks made me reminiscent of Renoir's beautifully complexioned ladies.

The most lasting work of the whole exhibition was an obscure bunch of dainty violets. Surely these were Gray's unseen, blushing flowers. They were unobtrusive in their small, old-fashioned frame but they were poignantly fragrant.

It was a wonderful, wonderful garden of flowers.

QUEST

THERE is a moment 'midst your words I cannot hold,
So softly do they fall upon my heart,
As stars that play among the clouds and dart
Into infinity when night is old.

A myriad shadows dance between the leaves,
The nightingale sings gently on the bough,
There was a tender murmured peace 'ere now,
When dusk hung silent on the fading eaves.

Your words brought all the hidden ecstacy
Commingled in the music of the night.
I reached my seeking fingers to the height
To grasp a part of what I could not be.

My restless heart is seeking still to see
My fingers curl about all ecstacy.

Helen Laura, '35.

Romantic Adventurers

DOROTHY DUFFY, '36

SHAPES fragile as blown glass, unsubstantial as crystal bubbles—pearl-white, snow-white, touched with mauve on each delicate lip—trembling silver, silvery purple—orchids these, "flowers ethereal-ized," frail exotic blooms trembling, quivering, on slender stems. They bring something of their background with them—brilliant birds in tropical jungles, great gorgeous butterflies, iridescent insects with burnished wings; wild storms like unleashed furies beating down the beauty of flower and vine and lush green, only that it may flourish again in greater beauty; great sheets of water crashing down, dripping in fairy silver from drenched banners of liana; equatorial forests streaming after the rain; languorous mists rising from pool and swamp. And at night a different jungle—moon-silver pouring down, and strange pale moths flitting out of their hiding places to swim in the soft radiance, to drift through the soft white fever-mist of the swamps, and wheel slowly through the ebony shadows, while night-blooming flowers that never see the light of day unfold their petals to catch the moonlight.

Into such magic scenes go intrepid adventurers, seeking treasure—orchids. And they find them and bring them back, though they mark the way with their dead. For it takes more courage to face the dangers of these enchanted places than to face a bayonet charge:—wonderful blooms breathing perfume and poison into the air; long lengths of gorgeous horror swaying gently from the branches, or slipping lazily through the rank luxuriant undergrowth, watching, watching, with unblinking eyes; quivering deceptive bogs that can swallow an elephant; diseases that creep unawares to sap a man's very soul and vitality; the ever-present fever of the tropics;—these and other perils take their toll. But the adventurers go on; for romance is not yet dead, and orchid-hunting is one of the very few occupations left that can appeal to a man who should have been born in the fifteenth century and sailed to India to bring back cargoes of jewels and silks and spices and perfumes.

A Dickens Christmas

MARY HARRON, '34

"MERRY CHRISTMAS, uncle!" We are heartily in accord with these words, while Scrooge's "Bah—humbug!" stirs us to new heights of outraged dignity. Christmas in Dickens's time! What visions of rosy faces, rolling coaches and steaming puddings the words conjure.

It always snowed, of course. Imagine an English Christmas without snow! Poultry and fruit shops shone on a whitened world in all the glory of holiday foods and delicacies. Coaches rumbled along the cobbled streets, the horses urged on by jolly, fat drivers in great coats and woolen caps and mittens. The stage dashed into the great inn, disgorging numerous folk—boys, older sons and daughters, aunts and uncles—all bound home for the great day.

The innkeeper welcomed them with steaming bowls of port, or for the ladies, delicious brews of hot tea. Then the travelers were off on the last lap for home.

Christmas morning came, announced by the tolling of the church bells and the voices of lads singing the dear old carols—"Good King Wencelas," "God Rest You Merry Gentlemen," "O Holy Night," "Adeste Fidelis,"—none were neglected.

People hurried along the snowy streets, muffled to the ears with coats and scarfs. They poured in long streams through the church doors. Each had a nod and a smile and a "Merry Christmas" for his neighbor. The shops kept open to help those who had delayed Christmas shopping 'till the last minute. The supply of tender fowl, fresh vegetables and lucious fruits seemed endlessly abundant.

Bells rang, chimes sang, boys carolled and holly berries twinkled in the frosty air. A cheerful atmosphere of joy and peace hovered everywhere—from the hovel in an alley to the squire's manor.

Children were out bright and early,—trying new sleds, coats, sweaters or boots. The time passed quickly until the call for dinner. That dinner! Bob Cratchit might have had only a goose—but what a goose! Delicately browned, it was smothered in gravy and onions and accompanied by such fluffy, white potatoes and such tenderly cooked greens.

Another family had a turkey. A huge bird it was, garnished parsley and all sorts of cloves and spices. The squire's table groaned under its burden of meats and delicacies. There were beef, goose, turkey, suck-

ling pig, with a bit of parsley in his mouth, and numerous other varieties of food. The buffet held pies and puddings and cakes and ale.

But whether they had dried beef or turkey, every family had a plum pudding. It was borne aloft by a grinning cook, who watched its blue flame with a careful eye. The most delicious pudding! It seemed to have every fruit buried in its dark interior. That was the climax of dinner. Not even the most painstaking epicurean knew "a better recipe."

After dinner came a period of relaxation. Talented pianists and singers, who had been secretly practicing for weeks, reluctantly rose to entertain. When everyone felt sufficiently able to dance, the fiddler was called in. Ah, his fast and rollicking tunes made feet tingle. Soon old and young were on the floor, in the intricate steps of the favored dance—Sir Roger de Coverley.

So, to the tune of the busy fiddle and the stamping and laughing of merry-makers, Christmas slowly fades away. No different from now, you say? Perhaps not, if it is still a "Merry Christmas"!

On Keeping a Diary

ROSE FRANCES KEEGAN, '34

A DIARY, everyone will agree, is pretty useless unless it is kept religiously and without changing the aspects of things as they really are. Joys and sorrows alike must be viewed more or less coldly and written of accurately without deletion or exaggeration. A hard—an unnecessary and brutal task!

How can we strip our experiences of their glamor and reduce them to harsh, inadequate phrases? How support the immortality of our loves and laughter, our hurts and unhappiness, upon man-made words? Why butcher emotions to make a record of the past when a wonderful future lies before us?

It would seem to me much better to allow the past to fade peacefully and undisturbedly into an alluring vagueness or to forget it entirely. The ugliness is hard enough to lose without perpetuating it in writing. The loveliness will almost always remain. If it should not, even that is better than the heartbreak of reading trite sentences in a diary—skeletons of dead emotions.

The Three Kings

DOROTHY KILCOIN, '34

WITH a red candle in his hand, Pablo knelt very quietly on the window seat and looked out into the courtyard facing the street.

The other children along the street were doing the same thing but they were making a great deal of noise. Pablo was too anxious to hear the first sound of the coming of the three kings on their camels, with caravans of gifts for little boys and girls, to make a noise.

The candles were not needed for illumination. Jumenez Street had had electric lights for fifteen years now. It was a kind of sacred rite to light the way for the three kings with candles—something almost holy—something to soften their long journey for them.

It was very wonderful, Pablo mused, that the three kings should return every Christmas Eve to give the children presents—the same three kings who had brought the little Jesus presents. He would like to touch them, to speak to them, to give them some messages to give to the baby Christ.

But listen! They were coming now. He recognized the music. He had heard it every Christmas Eve since he had been able to kneel at the window seat, and he was almost eight now. There was a train of camels in the lead, with hundreds of presents on their backs. Then there were the singers who followed them, chanting the hymns that had been sung down that same street for more than six hundred Christmas Eves. They were dressed in bright colored silks and their harps were decorated with crimson velvet. They were followed by a bodyguard, mounted on Arabian horses, and then one by one, on camels in gorgeous trappings, came the three kings. The whole company had their faces covered with silk visors.

Slowly and solemnly they passed by Pablo's house. He wanted to speak to them so much. He would at least wave to the last one. How kingly he was in bearing, how like the kings in the story books. He held his shoulders high and his head was raised proudly. He seemed even more noble in bearing than the others. He turned slightly towards Pablo. Suddenly the wind blew the king's visor back and showed his face—just for a moment. Then the visor blew back into place again.

A smothered cry of pain and disbelief broke through Pablo's lips. He almost dropped the red candle. That third king was no king at all. It was only Arturo Sates who lived next door. Arturo whom he saw

every day of his life, going to the department store downtown where he worked. What a king! He supposed the rest of them were just dressed up like kings too. Sorrow and indignation surged through him. But perhaps he had been mistaken. He had seen the face only for a minute. He would ask Elena, his nurse. His mother was too busy putting the last touches on the embroidery of an altar cloth for Midnight Mass.

"Yes, yes, chiquito, but of course they are the kings." But her haste and her embarrassment heightened Pablo's suspicions. Why did she act so queerly? Was the whole world a lie? Would no one tell him the truth? Then he remembered Padre Quemales. A priest couldn't tell a lie.

The minute Elena left he slipped on a coat over his pajamas and slid his feet into his shoes. Noiselessly he opened the back door and ran down the street, keeping into the shadow of the houses. Baby sobs caught at his throat and slow tears fell on the collar of his pajamas. But he paid no attention. All he thought of was Arturo's face. And they had made him believe he was a king! The king who had been to Bethlehem!

When he got to the rectory, he didn't wait to ring the bell. He ran into the vestry room and tugged at the priest's sleeve.

"But, padre mio, it *is* the kings that went to see the baby Jesus. It isn't Arturo dressed up. You'll tell me the truth." It was a prayer. Pablo's voice sounded like a broken flute.

The rector was young and newly appointed. He looked at Pablo bewilderedly. For a minute he thought he must be dreaming, at the sight of a tear-stained little boy in pajamas in the vestry room at that time of night. Then slowly, understanding came. Pablo must mean the parade the department store gave every Christmas Eve, representing the three kings, to distribute presents to the children.

He hedged for a minute. "But of course, nino, they are the kings." Then he looked into Pablo's eyes and he knew he couldn't lie to him. Well, the boy was big enough to know the truth now, and anyway he was too busy getting the things ready for Midnight Mass to hedge any longer.

"Well, no, Pablo, they aren't the kings, really. *They* died years and years ago. These are just to remind you of the kings who went to Bethlehem when Christ was born. But come, you must go home now. You'll catch cold, and your mother will be very angry when she finds you're gone. Hurry now. But wait a minute—the choirmaster will take you home. He's going that way."

Dumbly, Pablo put his own into the choirmaster's outstretched hand. He was grateful for its warmth and protectiveness. All he felt

was a deep hatred for Arturo—Arturo and the rest who had fooled him. So all these years it was only the men of the city who had made believe they were the kings of Bethlehem. He had stopped crying now, but he still felt a lump in his throat.

"There, there, little one, cry if you want to, but there's no reason to feel so badly."

Pablo didn't believe him, but the master's words were kind and his voice said more than his words.

"Don't you see, little Pablo, that it doesn't make any difference whether they're really the kings or not. It's only the thought behind it that counts—the thought that people still bring gifts to each other just as the kings did to the little Christ. *He* was happy tonight because Arturo dressed as one of the kings. Look, the procession for the Midnight Mass is coming. Let's stand in this doorway and watch."

It came and passed, and when the crib went by, Pablo thought the Christ-child smiled at him. At the end of the procession, Arturo came. Pablo stiffened a minute—then slowly, gallantly, he smiled.

The Lonely Rock

ROSE F. KEEGAN, '34

ALONE and happy I lie in the sun and ponder my place in the scheme of things. It was not always thus, for happiness is but lately come upon me.

Once, ages and ages, I rested here, hating the loneliness, hating the uselessness, hating myself. Then there came a day when a young maid placed her hand upon me and rested her slender body on my gray strength. A lovely maid she was, wearied with long walking, racked with the pains of her labor. Then was I glad to be there, then did I begin to think that I had a reason for being.

A little while and a young man passed. A tall young carpenter He was, kingly in His bearing. As He passed, He touched me lightly, gently laid His hand upon me. Then did I know that He was there that other day, when the young maid came. Then did I know that I had served my purpose.

Again a little while, and one dark day a crowd approached. And in the midst of them was He. His kingly form was cut and bleeding and on His back a wooden cross reposed. In passing by He turned and looked at me and I knew that He remembered. Then was I sure that I, too, was part of His Idea.

Editorials

"ALUMS"

A COLLEGE Alumnae Association, the members of which have distinguished themselves for service and achievement is not a rarity, but a graduate organization which renders systematized service and counsel to the undergraduates is not to be found everywhere. The achievements of our Alumnae during the few years of their existence are well known to us, but only those who have directly benefited by their help are aware of their labors on our behalf. The conference work of the Advisory Board is only one phase of the undertaking. Other help is being given with the minimum of publicity to the Alumna and the maximum of help to the student. All this work is the result of personal sacrifice and its end is our benefit. Why not take advantage of the means the Alumnae is generously providing for our welfare?

ON BEING A "SISSY"

IT appears that we of St. Joseph's have a "sissy" complex. During the last few years the use of the expression has become widespread and has implied a great many uncomplimentary things. It has been applied to those who take a vital interest in their work and even to those who do only ordinary preparation. Must they be mocked who realize the true import of school? Do any of us really look down on those few who work because they want to learn? If we do, what prompts this attitude? If it's jealousy, it is in a measure excusable—for those who are "sissies" are indeed enviable!

We have so much to be proud of here at St. Joseph's. Why can't we be proud of learning? Deep down we all admire it—why hide it then? It has come to the point where those few who do manifest real interest become almost ashamed of it and even wax apologetic of their hours in the library. Isn't one of the things we need vitally—a student's attitude? Isn't now the time to cram full the golden hours of opportunity?

Shall we continue to dampen sincere enthusiasm? If we do we shall have only ourselves to blame if we do not develop a scholastic attitude. It will not be because we lack ability but because we have willfully, or otherwise, stamped out our possibilities.

The other day I overheard a remark from a Freshman which I blush to repeat. This young lady wanted to know what was the objection to

being sincerely interested in study. She said that she had been overheard making plans to take an extra science course and a listening upperclassman expressed great surprise and said that people here never took courses that are not required. Thank goodness that this last is not entirely true—but it will soon be true if we don't do something to counteract this "sissy" idea.

THE LADIES READ

TO many causes have been attributed our reputed national dissipation of energy, mind and imagination. Some have attributed it to the movies, some to the tabloids, and some even to the present system of education. The stories written for women's magazines have certainly played their part in this degeneration, however; they have been perhaps the most destructive force of all. America ought to be ashamed for having produced writers of trash and for enjoying the trash once it is written.

Some of the writers who turn out stories for our large weekly and monthly magazines are really good authors who should be ashamed of themselves for writing fourth-rate rubbish because they think their readers are too stupid or too indifferent to know or care whether the stories are fourth-rate or first-rate. The writers may feel that the public which reads the magazine stories to be amused would be amused by anything written and that accordingly the quality of the work is of no consequence.

All of this may be true, but when story after story has a heroine named Diana (whose bright curls fall from beneath her pert hat and who is tired of being followed about by her maid and her two faithful and devoted swains), a doting father, and a hero whose name is Peter (he is home from college after having been the adored half-back on the football team), one ceases to be amused.

These magazine stories have taken such a hold of the imagination of the public that many girls (and not all of them adolescents, either) actually think that they will meet a red-headed young man on Christmas Eve, that said young man will drop all his pile of Christmas gifts and that they will then help him pick them up. A glamorous romance will of course result. Some of these feminine readers believe that if they were sick in bed for the New Year's Eve Party, a wealthy banker's son would suddenly fall through the roof and decide that he would stay with them instead of going to the party. They have even been led to suppose that if they went to Europe and found themselves in a German town as the only American, a handsome young Englishman would suddenly ap-

pear in the tower of an old castle they were both exploring and they would immediately decide that they were made for each other.

These stories, ridiculous as they are, usually have one saving grace —they are well-illustrated. In a few of the magazines the pictures are enough to make one want to read the story; when one does read it, though, he usually lays down the magazine in disgust. Despite the beautifully colored and ever-new illustrations, the same old Diana and Peter are still romping coyly around.

There is a great future for some one who will be able to organize a woman's magazine which will avoid the Charles Farrell, Janet Gaynor stories. The public would probably be delighted to read some stories written for readers whose I. Q. was above the level of an imbecile's. That magazine would be a success.

THE FORGOTTEN WOMAN

THE dim echoes of the plea for the Forgotten Man have died away, but the phrase remains with us. Can it be possible that an adaptation of the title would apply to anyone at St. Joseph's? . . . How about those girls who go through their four years without evidencing any particular talent, without developing any part of their personalities but the scholastic one? Have you ever seen any girls who show some ability or flair when it is too late to develop it here or to use it for the general good? Undoubtedly, you have. And perhaps you've asked, as we have, "Is she an absolute dud? Can't she do *anything?* Why doesn't she try to change herself, to 'snap out of it'?"

Have we been quite fair in saying this? What have we done to draw out those girls who are too diffident to help themselves? The Point System is fine as far as it goes, but it cannot work miracles. Haven't we given all our offices, all our jobs, to the better-known, tried and true students? We know they are capable, so we continue to have them do what is to be done.

Is the success of any job or function more important than the development of power in the girls? Isn't college a sort of testing-ground, where we may discover our capabilities? What do you think?

SPITE

I LOVED you truly, eyes of blue,
When first I turned my gaze on you;
You caused within me rapture sweet,
And made my heart with passion beat.

But do I languish in despair,
Remembering your golden hair?
I don't, because you see, I've met
A wondrous, dark-eyed, sweet brunette.

Dorothy Kilcoin.

Alumnae Notes

THE annual Fashion Show and Bridge to be given by the Alumnae is to be held on January 14 at the Waldorf-Astoria. The chairman is Genevieve D'Albora; her co-chairmen are Kathleen Dugan and Marie Sabbattino. In charge of the fashion show are Angela Deegan and Geraldine McMahon; of the reception, Marie O'Shea; of the prizes, Bernadette Garvey; of the printing, Ruth McCormack.

* * * * *

The Alumnae Advisory Committee meets under the chairmanship of Elinor Woods on the first and third Fridays of every month. This Committee helps undergraduates to choose a field of endeavor. The basketball game between the Alumnae and Varsity was won by the Varsity on December 15.

* * * * *

Amy Fraas, '31, is doing Settlement Work. Marie Rickerby and Mary Cronin are studying for their M.A.'s at Columbia. Also at Columbia are Claire Smith, Frances Dickert, Angela Deegan, Anne McCormack, Jo McKeon, Kay Eppig, all of the class of '32. Mary Miner, '30, was married on Thanksgiving Day to William O'Halloran. Margaret Reilly and Zita Hawkins, both of '30, were her bridesmaids.

* * * * *

Mary Moore Waldorf is being congratulated on the birth of twins born in September. Anna McDonald Dannemiller has a son born in October. Isabel Hall Ferry has a daughter and Gladys Reardon Hughes has twins.

* * * * *

Mary Keller, '28, has announced her engagement to Patrick Lawlor.

* * * * *

Erratum: Margaret Ferry is studying for her B.S. at St. John's.

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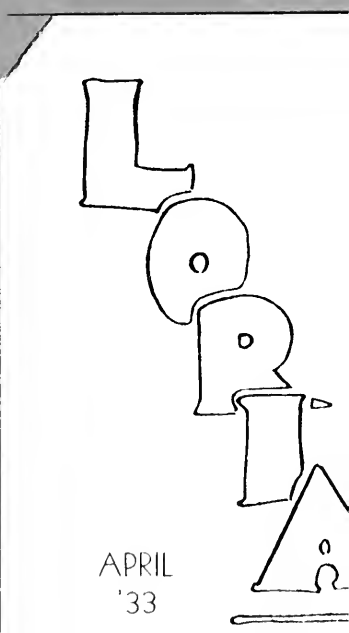
APRIL
'33

LORIA

LORIA

Published by the Students of

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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Volume X Number 3

APRIL • CONTENTS • 1933

LORIA is published four times during the scholastic year by the students of St. Joseph's College for Women, Brooklyn, New York. Subscription, two dollars a year.

Entered as second-class matter, December 21, 1926, at the post office at Brooklyn, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

LINES ON AN ANCIENT THEME

I

BELOVED, I listen—
Your words fall upon my heart
As rain upon the withered grass,
Drenching it in song.

II

Hear how the nightingale upon the bough
Pours forth his melody unto the night.
Just so, beloved, my love will fall,
Through the dim dusk into your heart.

III

Beloved come hear my song and be
Unto me, a lovelier song than I
Could ever mold in words;
For thou art lovely,
Lovelier than the first glow of the Spring dawn,
Lovelier art thou
Than the shadows of sunset
On the white snow.

IV

Beloved, let us grasp in our quivering hands
These lovely fleeing moments, hold them all
Close to our hearts 'ere they should fall
Gently, as slow time through the dripping sands.

V

Let me take from this moment's love,
Peace, a sweet remembrance of an ecstasy,
Against the lonely day I shall not be
Infinitely happy, your flower face above.

Helen Laura, '35.

The Importance of Being Earnest

ALUMNAE ADVISORY COMMITTEE

ONCE upon a time, everyone at Saint Joseph's was going to be a teacher or she didn't know—she guessed she'd be a teacher, unless she was one of those perverse, "different" people who said SHE was NOT going to teach. Times have changed. The easy optimism of the last decade has given way to a serious consideration of newly-felt problems. Students feel a moral obligation to work for the parents who have assumed an increasingly difficult burden in providing for their education, yet the odds are heavily against their chances of employment. They realize the need of planning seriously for the future and of making adjustments to present conditions. The matter of what to do the day after the commencement festivities is disturbing enough. It gives way to the idea of what one will be doing day after day for years, maybe, after graduation, when one does find employment. Three questions suggest themselves to the college girl who is contemplating her future:

(1) What do I want to do?
(2) What am I able to do?
(3) What have I a chance to do?

The faculty and the Alumnae Advisory Committee have noted a growing consciousness of these issues in the undergraduates and an increasing interest in many fields of endeavor together with an earnest effort to discover more about them.

Another aspect of the situation, however, is less comforting. If there is one negative criticism of the Saint Joseph's girls which might be advanced consistently, it is their lack of maturity. True education should be advanced when there is a consciousness of a real problem and an attempt to solve it. Contemporary college students should be more mature in scholarship, in outside interests, and in a sense of values. But are they not still taking the subjects on their programs as a matter of course, striving for a passing mark or an exemption, with no thought of how that history course or that apologetics course may serve them?

Every experience in life contributes something to the mental development of the individual entering into it. Every experience, therefore, is an opportunity, and the nature of its contribution depends ultimately on the individual who confronts it. A college education is an

experience which offers vicariously or actually excellent possibilities of growth, even when a student's course of study seems inadequate or inappropriate.

Common sense is one all-important asset which a college graduate might be expected to have developed to a superior degree, or to have acquired as the result of her training if it was not previously her possession. She should have the beginnings at least of self-knowledge and a determination to master herself by further earnest effort. She should have miscellaneous sympathies. She should have a heightened perception of the delights life proffers and a recognition of life's insufficiencies. She should have some ability to distinguish true values and an honest intention to judge fairly and impersonally. Without special intellectual training many people realize the difficulties and disappointments of existence, the inequalities of ambition and conduct, and yet plan useful and worthwhile lives. The quality which enables them to meet new situations honestly, to comprehend their own relation to the situation, and to make adjustments on the basis of prior knowledge, experience and judgments is called "common sense."

Oddly enough, a great many college alumnae seem to lack this talent. We speak of this college only, because we know them in larger numbers and in greater variety than others. Several cases, derived from observation of many girls of varying intellect and interests, demonstrate the point.

In the first place, an air of self-satisfaction is often donned with the Commencement hood. The graduate feels that her education has been completed. She possesses information, an acquaintance with many subjects, some professional training, perhaps, contacts, yes,—and above all a degree. She forgets that generally she put into her education only enough effort to secure a desirable mark and the results were commensurate. Education's greatest offering is the opportunity for personal development and spiritual enrichment, and these are attained not by mere exposure to a college education nor are they realized when a B. A. is formally conferred upon the graduate.

In the second place, the intolerance of limited knowledge persists. It expresses itself in condemnation of other modes of conduct, motives, aims and aspirations than one's own. It most commonly results in generalizations about the conditioning effect of circumstances and overlooks personal responsibility. The person affected blames teaching or business or an unappreciative world for the unworthiness of living—as if the buoyancy of living were not in the constant discovery of life's inconsistencies, and in one's own manifold opportunities to solve problems in the best way possible.

In the third place, a sort of tragic pose is often assumed by college graduates. Earning a livelihood proves a shock to many girls. Disillusionment follows failure to adjust the vague abstractions they considered ideals to particular circumstances of business or professional life. It is unfortunate, of course, that these difficulties were not anticipated. It is strange that actuality should be so foreign to the college student. Why has she not been alert to what was always near her? At any rate, if she possesses knowledge and honesty and sincerity she need not find her ideals upset. They should be more real and can be more noble than ever. Boredom, disgust, resignation are opportune cloaks for defeated vanity or lack of sportsmanship.

Again, many graduates decide that happiness is impossible for them because their dreams have not yielded satisfaction in their fulfillment. Happiness is not an abstraction to be pursued but a present state of mind which accompanies wholesome effort in any active enterprise.

Why don't college graduates add to the youthful point of view the wisdom of greater knowledge and the stimulation of a glimpse into the wealth of knowledge they may still pursue?

It is to be hoped that the need for serious thinking and the opportunity for real reflection furnished by present conditions will have a positive effect on college education. But, after all, that is an individual matter. Are the girls at Saint Joseph's going to show a lack of "common sense"? Will they let themselves be accused of immaturity when they have every opportunity to grow in wisdom and understanding?

E TENEBRIS

WITHIN this quiet room, beneath these stars,
I hold a calm communion with my soul.
Outside the wind is hushed and no sound mars
The loneliness of searching. Centuries roll
In quietude and cease their crying flight.
Within my mind, eternal fire rages,
And I am robed impalpably in light.
Disturbed, my spirit sinks into the ages.
From what high summit was this challenge flung
That peace should leave the coverts of my heart?
What calls the swift, relentless song now wrung

From one who doubted any song could start?
An ancient quest as deathless as unborn!
I go to pierce blue nights and find the dawn.

Kathleen Sheehan, '35.

The Prayer of Deed

ELIZABETH ZANGLE, '35

OUTSIDE the sky was fast deepening from gray to black, and a murmuring stillness blended with the dusk. Inside the chapel, which, traditionally at this time, should have been dim except for the flickering of a tiny flame of candlelight through the red of the sanctuary lamp, soothingly quiet except for the slip of a rosary through prayerful fingers, all was brightly lighted and noisily busy.

I sat there, in the chapel of the Ronkonkoma Cenacle, and watched with thoughtful eyes the energetic ministerings of the nuns. Every one, heedless of the others, seemed bent upon the performance of some special task. One little nun, upon her knees, swept every inch of the altar carpeting with such minute thoroughness that not even the tiniest speck of dust could have escaped her broom. Another wiped with a soft cloth the entire floor of the sanctuary. A third nun oiled this same surface. Meanwhile, still more black-habited figures had been smoothing snowy, lacy cloths upon the altar, arranging vases filled with fresh flowers, and one nun stood upon a ladder to dust every nook and cranny of the altar structure.

I had thought of the convent as an entirely spiritual community of prayer and fasting. This practical side of a nun's life, so poignantly presented to me, made me realize suddenly that every act, no matter how prosaic, may be a prayer expressed, more difficult than the mere voicing of emotion, but a prayer that may be an inspiration to those around us as well as to ourselves. Moments of uplifting spirituality are felt at some time or another by every one of us; it is the never losing sight of such lofty moments, their permeation into everyday realities, that makes the saint.

GOOD FRIDAY

DEEP blackish purple against a greying sky,
A burning candle—all but lost in the great black of night,
Slow endless rain—yet soon a rainbow,
Exquisite pain intermingled with the white flame of hope.

Marthe Quinotte, '34.

Rap! Rap!

DOROTHY KILCOIN, '34

MY brother's godfather came to see us last night and to my great dismay asked me my ambition in life. To my still greater dismay I answered, "To have an evening wrap all my own." My family stared at me in shocked surprise—such a noble ambition! My brother's godfather sniffed, and I waited for the earth to swallow me up. The worst part of it is that it never does.

Well, maybe it isn't a noble ambition—but before I'm an old lady, I hope to have an evening wrap all my own—a white ermine wrap with mink collar and cuffs.

It is very hard having to wear one's sister's evening wrap. In the first place, every time I sit down I'm afraid I'll wrinkle the velvet, so I stand up most of the time. In the second place, it's usually being lent to various friends or friends of friends, so I get a nervous breakdown every time until it is returned. In the third place, every time the phone rings before I'm going to use the wrap, my heart stands still. Suppose my sister is being asked out and is going to use the wrap herself? Breathlessly I stand near her at the phone, despite the dirty looks (if I may use the vernacular) which she thrusts upon me. "Yes," she says sweetly, paying as much attention to me as if I were the telephone table—even less, because she at least drapes herself on the telephone table. "Yes," she says, "at nine-thirty—all right. Good-bye."

I stand and stare at her, miserable, silent. Mental pictures pass through my mind of myself, wrapless, trailing around on a winter night, with a frozen smile on my face (literally speaking) and saying, "Oh my, no—I never wear a wrap—I'm a disciple of Bernar McFadden, you know." Or again, a picture of myself with my academic gown, gracefully draped around me like the cloak of a Spanish caballero. Or I might even get by with my mother's fringed best tablecloth knotted into a shawl—so exotic and Parisian looking.

Then my sister hangs up and says nonchalantly, "The dentist changed my appointment to nine-thirty—isn't that a nuisance?" Upon which I collapse.

When I get rich, I'm going to have a whole closet full of wraps—big wraps and little wraps and bunny wraps and velvet wraps and wraps of silver cloth and wraps of gold cloth. I'll have a sable cloak down to my heels in which I'll look like Greta Garbo and in which I'll look mysterious

and languishing and everybody will say, "Oh, look at that beautiful woman, she looks just like Greta Garbo." Next I will wear a wrap of white velvet. The doorman of the Embassy Club will take one look at me and will loudly proclaim, "The Right Honourable Lady Douglas Swivellmuff." Or as I come slinking into the lobby of the Waldorf, in a black fur creation, a dark-haired gentleman in tails will whisper to his companion, "That's Mityavitch Ivanavitch, the great international spy."

But as yet, I have no wrap to languish in and no wrap to slink in, so I suppose I'll go on, not sitting down, in my sister's wrap and waiting breathlessly every time the phone rings. But some day, somewhere, you'll see the lady in the white ermine wrap. Her back will be turned toward you, but you will gaze admiringly at the fur. Suddenly she will turn around and you will see with envy and surprise—that it's ME!!!

STEREOPTICON

SHE thought:
Today I am myself,
Tall and lithe and swiftly
Moving in my grace.

And the clean wind
Breathed into her the glow
Of renascent youth.

She thought:
The frosty fingers of the wind
Curl madly in my loosened hair;
It is the hand of a warrior
Caressing a restless child.

And the wind swirled and blew
And lifted her upon a cloud
Above the earth. . . .

Two strangers passed
And said,
"How tall she is and awkward,
How foolish not to wear a hat,
Her face seems cold and pinched and blue."

Annette Vander Putten, '35.

Emily Dickinson

MARY SCHRATWIESER, '36

THE first accounts we have of Emily Dickinson date from her fourteenth year. We know that she came of excellent New England stock; that there were Dickinsons at Hadley in 1659; that her father was a lawyer of distinguished intellect and character; and that her mother was "an exquisite little lady of the old school long passed into mythology." We know, too, that Emily was born at Amherst on December 11, 1830, in that substantial brick house in which she lived all her life and in which she died. But almost the only thing we hear about her early years is that some one, a long while afterwards, said she remembered her as a not very attractive child.

From the moment she begins to write, however, she entrances us. Her first letters are dated 1845. The writer shows herself to be a perfectly normal adolescent girl occupied with her books and her piano. She writes to her friend in her fifteenth year, "I have been learning several beautiful pieces lately. The *Grave of Napoleon* is one, *Lancers Quickstep* and *Maiden Weep No More,* which is a sweet little song." There are moments of grave girlish discussion of life and religion, a pleasant amount of sentimentality, sprightly scraps of village gossip and a charming humor.

She writes to her brother, Austin, from the seclusion of boarding school, "Won't you please tell me, when you answer my letter, who is the candidate for president? I have been trying to find out ever since I came here, and have not yet succeeded. Has the Mexican war terminated yet, and how? Are we beaten? Do you know of any nation about to besiege South Hadley? If so, do inform me of it, for I would be glad of a chance to escape, if we are to be stormed. I suppose Miss Lyon would furnish us all with daggers and order us to fight for our lives in case such perils should befall us." And again she writes to Austin, "Mother sends her love and your waistcoast, thinking you'll need the one and quite likely like the other." It was her qualities of drollery and roguery which made her editor of the wit's column of the manuscript magazine *Forest Leaves.*

During this time she formed one of a gay-hearted circle of young men and women in Amherst, picnicking and visiting among them, apparently quite free of any morbid shyness, reading Shakespeare in a club

formed for that purpose, joining (one suspects, leading) the girls in their objection to expurgated versions suggested by the delicacy of the boys, going to church on Sundays and to prayer meeting on Wednesdays, to the college commencement and the October cattle show.

Very early indeed, however, we came across an instance of the determination of her character. At the age of seventeen she had entered the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary at South Hadley. This was an institution founded primarily to train wives for missionaries and was presided over by the Miss Lyon already mentioned, two of whose mottoes were "Fun is a word no young lady should use" and "Learn to sit with energy."

This redoubtable school-mistress met her match in Emily. For, when the morning before Christmas she announced to her pupils that the day was to be kept as a fast, with long hours assigned for meditation, upon her asking the school to rise as a sign of assent, Emily and her roommate alone kept their seats. And when in a sterner voice Miss Lyon added that "if there were any so lost to a sense of the meaning of the day as to wish to spend it otherwise, they might stand that the whole school might observe them." Emily, deserted by her terrified friend, still found courage to rise.

The religious pressure brought upon Emily seems never to have been very severe, or she had her own way of eluding it. We may be sure that both at home and at the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, especially with the need of wives for foreign missionaries in mind, her conversion was often attempted. But, from the absence of any complaints of spiritual intrusion in her works, the attempts must have been gentle and the requests to join in salvation put in general terms. The most determined attempt seems to have taken place in her twenty-third year, when the minister of the church of which Edward Dickinson was a pillar, Dr. Dwight, gave all his biggest arguments in vain. After a long conversation with Emily he admitted to her family that the ordinary technique of conversion did not appear to apply to her case. We catch her spiritual insight in her poems. She was a natural mystic and had, as Mrs. Bianchi affirms, "the soul of a monk of the Middle Ages bound up in the flesh of a Puritan descent." Those who came after death talked of her as the "nun of Amherst." She lived with a God we do not believe and trusted in an immortality entirely out of place "in that confiding age when Duty ruled over Pleasure before the Puritan became a hypocrite." Her concept of Deity was her own, unique, peculiar, unimpaired by the fire and brimstone theology of her day. She never employed falsehood seriously, nor deception in thought or feeling. Her pitiless sincerity must have dictated this poem:

I like a look of agony
Because I know it's true
Men do not sham convulsion
Nor simulate a throe.

Her own philosophy had early taught her All was in All; there were no degrees in anything. Her soul always dominated, no matter in what direction her footsteps wavered.

The crux of Emily Dickinson's life was her love affair, the solitary incident as most people reckon such matters, in a life whose every day was actually crowded. There are various stories current about her romance but no one is sure of any version. It seems to have been in any event a short-lived attachment to a lover unknown to us, one whom she knew but slightly and whom she was forced to renounce through whatever circumstance. Whoever he was, his advent into her life completely changed it and made her a poet. She sought solitude to nurse her heroic sorrow and with her dramatic instinct she ever afterwards wore white. But though her tragic love made her a poet, some years had to elapse before she would dare make utterance. Her dislike of all publicity, her determined refusal to allow any of her poems to be published, safeguarded her freedom of expression. In her poetry, therefore, we find many references to her love affair:

I took one draught of life,
I'll tell you what I paid,
Precisely an existence—
The market price, they said.

They weighed me, dust by dust,
They balanced, film by film,
Then handed me my being's worth—
A single dram of Heaven.

This was rather an audacious way for a New England woman to write, seventy years ago.

Nearly all her poems were based upon the jog-trot ballad pattern, and however many small variations she might introduce, nothing could conceal the fact that she was meager in her technical range. Her rhymes sound like those of a brick-layer making a ballad. She links, "fine" with "sublime," "grand" with "pound" and "grace" with "price." If she could obtain rhyme she would, but she was much more concerned with an inner rhyming, the rhyming of ideas, which rhyme only emphasizes. She was intent upon her meaning which she must lose at the cost of rhyme. Emily's poetry is not always easy to understand. Sometimes the mean-

ing and references are obscure, sometimes they sail away over one's head but there is one in particular that appeals to me:

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can lose one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Into his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

This poem seems to have been the theme of her every action.

Although her verse is quaint and enchanting, I prefer her prose. There is not room to cite examples of some of her best prose. To a bereaved friend she wrote the single line: "I had a father once." Her heart was always wide and warm and it had been enlarged and sensitized by personal suffering.

Was it her own mortal wound that made her so understanding? It was certainly that wound that was the initial cause of her withdrawing from the world, though the permanent cause was the necessity for leisure and quiet in which to write. Even "Sister Sue" sometimes did not see her for weeks, though scarcely a day passed that Emily did not send a scrap of verse or a little note. She spent her time amid flowers, animals and children.

But although she was a recluse she was always lively and full of fun. Now and then, she would join an intimate circle at her brother's house and play battledore and shuttlecock and by her own high spirits convulse the onlookers. Or she would improvise upon the piano and had for their amusement a composition of her own called *The Devil.*

When Emily Dickinson died she was fifty-six but seemed only thirty years old. She left instructions for the burning of letters of her friends and of her own poems. Wisely the family hesitated here and saved the few that we know. But they put themselves in a predicament. With some knowledge of Emily, the public clamoured for more, which it was unable to get. Out of inferences legends grew and it seems that we may never know the truth which we want to know; not from idle curiosity but from love of Emily Dickinson.

She herself seemed always to be of the part of life that is always youth, always magical. She wrote of it as she grew to know it. She was preëminently the discoverer, hunting for the meaning of it all, surmising what might be beyond the horizon. The study of Emily Dickinson, that unique personality, haunts the imagination and baffles it.

The Candle

MARTHE QUINOTTE, '34

THE golden loveliness grows tall and dances. It bows and mocks gently. Then the wind blows and it quivers piteously. It begs for mercy. It pleads. Suddenly it grows proud and ceases its swaying. It stands upright, unflinching and courageous. The yellowness expands and grows higher trying to impress itself upon the dark room before it is too late. It is burning low. It begins to fear again. It sputters, and cries aloud with pain, and weeps waxy tears. One moment more, one moment more to spend itself in a greater brightness. With one last valiant struggle it dies. Only perfumed incense remains as a memory.

"I WOUND A WING WITH ONE CARESS—"

FOR me, you are
The exquisite murmurings
Of myriad birds.

Half-hearing I listen
But your sweet, silver singing
Draws me from afar,
Even as ancient wind
Draws from out the new-blown rose
Surging, liquid fragrance,
And bears it down the night.

Enchanted, I approach.

But my step is heavy
And my hand too swift.

The little timid birds
Cower, frightened,
In the grasses.

Kathleen Sheehan, '35.

Patrons of the Arts

MARY McLERNON, '34

THEY are staring ecstatically at one of Picassio's Impressions while I'm staring cynically at them. She is a tall, bejeweled, blasé individual in mink with an absurd headdress which she might call a hat but which doesn't strike me as being anything in particular. She wears a corsage of orchids and I say to myself, "Orchids at eleven in the morning? I thought one wore orchids only at the Peacock Ball or one's own début." She carries a program done in black and gold and uses it to graceful advantage to point out a characteristic trait of Picassio and to wave at her escort's face when he makes a clever little artistic allusion. She has an ultra-coy way of laughing very patronizingly over her enormous mink collar and I find myself saying, "Now that's well done," because for years I've been trying to acquire that very laugh and every time it seemed like Rosy Rosenbloom interpreting Pavlova.

Her escort's name surely must be H. Kendleton St. Pierre III—any other name wouldn't fit in with his personality. He is dressed most correctly—even pedantically in morning clothes with cane, derby, spats—ad sartorium infinitum. He speaks in military school American, colored with the King's English and the French Influence. He tells his lady friend that all of Picassio's show very plainly the Impressionist influence in line technique (he read that on page 66 of Van Dyke's book "How to Judge a Picture"). He points out with his cane the "Portrait of Mister Robert Smulton, Jr."—"I went abroad with him two summers ago—mighty fine chap," says he.

They're patrons of the Arts—both of them.

SOMETIMES it seems my heart must overflow,
This lovely world so stings my senses with
Delight. The sun, the moon, the stars, the trees,
In hushed and beauteous poise my eyes behold.
The murm'ring stillness of the evening woods,
The straining exultation of the bow,
Can fill my hearing to its yearning brim.
If from these eyes their piercing light should fade,
If silence should o'ercome these ears attuned
To melody vibrating through the air,
Beyond all thought would be the chasm of
My loss of You, Epitome of Light,
As deep as hell would be my agony.

Elizabeth Zangle, '35.

Art on Union Square

MARY O'DONNELL, '35

IF you crave something new, if you are one of the restless souls who welcome anything novel regardless of the cost, go to the Soviet Theater on Fourteenth Street at Union Square. We speak of the price, not in terms of the entrance fee, but in the sense of what you endure inside. Before you enter this palace of true and liberated art, take one good long breath of God's own ozone, for it's the last you'll get for two hours. The theater is unbelievably dirty and cluttered. It's a sure bet you'll sit either on chewing gum or Indian nut shells.

You should, however, be above being bothered by these bodily discomforts. There is so much to hold your interest; I don't mean on the screen—the pictures are terrible—but in the audience about you. The orators of Union Square gather here and cheer lustily as parades are flashed on the screen. This means that the cheering is continuous, since Soviet pictures are made up largely of parades interrupted now and then by a demonstration or a mass meeting.

While they cheer they crack Indian nuts, and we consider this an accomplishment worthy of note. You can turn around and stare at them as much as you like; they don't resent it and they'll do the same to you. They are artists; they live for their art. They live on their art—and pretzels.

BETTER NEVER TO HAVE KNOWN

LIFE is so kind never to let us know
The last time we go down the long steep hill,
Never to know when falls the last soft snow,
Nor what bright bird will be the last to trill;
Never to know what joy will be the last,
Nor when fleet youth will turn and wing away
Nor to have presage that the height is passed
Of that brief passion which no love can stay.

Life is so kind—far kinder than we dream—
When bitter pain and overwhelming grief
Darken the hours, nor give us then the gleam
Of silver spray across death-blackened reef.
If I had known, love, that you were to die,
I never, never, would have said goodbye.

Marion L. Musonte, '35.

Legend

MARY DOLAN, '33

ONCE upon a time there was no Milky Way, no sweep of silver glory across the dark night sky. This is the way it came.

A young Indian girl and boy fell in love. Their love was very beautiful—it was as lovely as crystal pools in unexpected woodland places, as tender as young leaves in spring, as strong as a bow of birch. Strong of Heart and Laughing Eyes made a vow that they never would be separated; that they would spend all their lives together, loving and living happily.

For many years they kept their vow; and their love became ever deeper and more tender. But one day they died, and went to live on two stars, which were placed at opposite ends of the curve of heaven. For a long while they bore their separation as well as they could, but then Laughing Eyes thought of a way to end their loneliness. Quickly she tore off a piece of her star and cast it into the sky. It stayed there, a glittering stepping stone. Then her husband did the same, and they continued until it wasn't safe to tear off any more. They begged the moon to help them, but she couldn't spare much of her thick silver. And still they were apart.

They asked the star house-keepers to save all their star-dust for them, and they flung shining handfuls across their path. After many years the pathway was finished, and the husband called to the wife, and she to him, and they ran swiftly along the broad arch of twinkling silver, and met in the middle, and were lost in ecstasy.

Stained Glass

DOROTHY DUFFY, '36

VERY slowly the rising sun illumines the Descent from the Cross. Before it comes, the Body of Christ and the white cloths that wrap it show pale against the surrounding gloom. Then as the light filters down, falling lower and lower, the scene glows into mystical beauty. At last the window is fully lighted. The three crosses stand stark and black on the hill, against a faintly luminous sky. The white Christ shines below, pathetic, yet hopeful. He is dead—but He will rise again. It is as if a new dawn were coming up behind Calvary.

On Being Grown Up

DOROTHY KILCOIN, '34

TO me, being grown up is a source of never ending wonder, of fascination, and of dreams. So many songs have been written, so many speeches have been made, so many conversations have been founded, on "the happy days of childhood" that I sometimes wonder if I am a little queer because I am so glad I am grown up and because I can remember so few of these so-called "happy days."

I have not even had the romance of being able to say that I was brought up in an orphanage where I was cruelly beaten, or carried away in my babyhood by a gypsy caravan where I was half starved. Not even can I say that I suffered from a lack of child psychology at home. On the contrary, I was brought up in the conventional, normal atmosphere and I was what might have been expected from such an environment. I did not suffer from any complexes that I can think of—that is—none other than the complexes every child suffers from.

And yet, being grown up is to me the most wonderful, the most exciting, the most glorious adventure that has ever happened to me. I do not envy Peter Pan at all. I think he missed a great deal of the joy of life. Besides I think that he must have been awfully bored having nothing to look forward to. He never even had the fun of saying, "When I grow up, I am going to be a mounted policeman," or some such nonsense.

I remember, from a haze of childhood memories, many surprisingly vivid scenes. It seems to me, my greatest sorrow of babyhood was being put to bed when it was still daylight. I remember still with a pang of resentment how the rest of the family laughed and talked on the porch, how all the people of the town walked by my house and chatted and joked under my window, how the village sheiks called for their girls in rattling tin Fords to go "over town" to the movies. I remember how I used to sit at the top of the stairs and listen to them and then run into bed every time the screen door opened because I thought it was my mother (it usually was). I used to wish on the first star every night and always my wish was the same—that I was grown up and was sitting out on the lawn by the rose bushes or going to Jones's for ice cream.

For years, it seemed to me, this went on and I was always the child —the one to be petted, laughed at, ignored and put to bed. And then, suddenly it all changed! It was a very small incident that started it but it made all the difference in the world to me. My older brother was going

out with his best girl one evening. He had had me running errands for him at least an hour before. In the end he said something to me that was worth it all. He surveyed himself in the mirror a long time first and then he turned and said to me, "Which tie do you think I ought to wear, kid?" It was my first recognition that I was grown up.

Being a child had been very queer. There were so many things you couldn't understand, so many heart breaks, so many little troubles that seem so ridiculous now, but were big then.

One of my patrons of the "happy days of childhood" might say that these same things face even these wonderful grownups. Well, perhaps they do, but not in the same way. At least, when you are grown up you know that you will never understand anything and you do not care. You know that life is pretty bad at times but that it is pretty wonderful at times, too. You always have dreams for the future. You always have hopes that things will be as marvelous as you would like them to be. In place of the bewildered fear of a child, you have courage. In place of baby disillusionment, you have new castles in Spain. You know there is no Santa Claus, but it doesn't make any difference. There are always knights in shining armor in the distance—always King Arthurs to take the place of Santa Claus.

You are a person—a personality. The world sits up and takes notice of your coming. You are grown up!

I AM REMEMBERING

FOR a little while
I preserved an illusion of great warmth
And love and friendliness settled upon me.
And for a little while
I warmed my slender hands
At the pleasant curling fire you kept burning.

Soon you wearied and ceased your ministrations,
And your little flame burned low and died.

Now I am enveloped in the blackness of the night,
And now my lonely heart cries out
For forgetfulness and the old-time sting of the rain.

But ah, the bitter wind wails loud
After the warmth of your hearth, the much-loved and unforgotten.

Kathleen Sheehan, '35.

On Walter Pater

MARY DOYLE, '34

UNINVOLVED in contemporary movements, proudly uninterested in mere argument, Pater is seldom tempted to value a thought for its popular relation to other thoughts. Rather he finds the worth of an idea in its singleness, in its ability to stand alone, unbraced by contradictory or antithetical relations. His ideas are entities, uncharged with that popularity which makes Macaulay, for example, so electric, and, at the same time, so inconsequential. To be sure, Pater makes distinctions, but always fine and gradual distinctions, as if in the abrupt contrast of opposites he senses a vulgarity, as of a bawdy costume. In moving from bad to good, from black to white, Pater is constrained to touch lightly upon every intermediate color in the moral spectrum, as if the aim of his distinctions is, after all, not to discover differences, but to reveal an all-pervading similarity.

Some may object that this similarity of one part to another, at least in tone, is a quality of Pater himself, not of the universe—to wit, that Pater is monotonous, capable of looking at life only through the attitude of subdued reminiscence. That he is monotonous in the sense that he is single-toned there is no doubt; but it is a question whether some tones may not with justification be sustained, particularly if they are rare and difficult to play.

He has been called sentimental. To this, one is tempted to reply that he is sentimental only in so far as his sentiments are above the comprehension of his readers, for sentimentality, in its only inclusive definition, is emotion in others which finds no genuine identity in oneself. Yet there is justice in the accusation to this extent, that the slow, periodic style which Pater uses limits the expression of emotion to its cautious cadence, and, though cautious reasoning is admirable, cautious emotion flavors of insincerity, and hence, perhaps, sentimentality. For this, one may criticize Pater's style, which is solely an intellectual medium, but hardly Pater the man. "Le style, c'est l'homme" is true only with reservations.

Certainly one does not go to Pater for bubbling spontaneity, for the quick, live flow of feeling. But there are moods of quiet inquisitiveness which, perhaps, Pater alone can satisfy. To use a figure which Edmund Gosse applies to him, his mind may be likened to an artesian well. For it is his austere purpose to drill below the dust of antithetical battle-

fields to the cool truth beneath, which, though he never succeeds in freeing it quite from the antique aroma of long burial, yet retains something of its elemental freshness and healing power. Perhaps, for less divining tastes more is caught of the débris of labor than of labor's final product; and for these it must be said the Pater's sentences do carry the marks of toil—they may even be said to limp under their precious burden. But if in reading him one acquires the habit, as Marius did in reading life "of so relieving the ideal or poetic traits, the elements of distinction,—that the unadorned remainder of it, the mere drift of débris—comes to be as though it were nought"—if one reads him with such a noble hypocrisy of vision, his lustre will be apparent, and he will, in truth, "burn with a hard, gem-like flame."

HEART'S DESIRE

HOW strange—this Celtic blood
That courses through my veins,
And stirs my heart to loose
Its all-confining fetters.

How strange—this destiny
That weighs upon my soul,
And keeps cool, emerald hills
Forever from me.

What Fate decreed
That Irish skies should not shine over me?
What restlessness within me
Forces me to wander—ever seeking?

Some day, perhaps beyond this world,
Shall I not quicken to a fresh breeze blowing?
And, canopied by rain-washed skies,
Shall I not hope to sip
The verdant beauty of cool, sequestered woodlands?

Sue Swanton, '34.

Something to Read

MARY WALSH, '35

YOU'VE forgotten to bring a book, a magazine—even a newspaper! The train is about to leave—no time to get anything, now. What will you do? You have before you two, perhaps three, hours in which, unless you can obtain something to read, there will be absolutely nothing to do but twiddle your thumbs. Even the doubtful scenic beauty of the Jersey flatlands is denied you—it is raining and the wet darkness is impenetrable. But muster your forces! Do not despair . . . yet. There must be a way out. How to get something to read is the problem. The easiest solution—and the most satisfactory—requires a bit of planning.

The whole situation must, of course, be taken into consideration. For instance, if your coach is not very crowded and every passenger occupies a double seat all to himself, the only possible thing for you to do would be to tap the person in front of you gently—very gently—on the head and ask confidently but not boldly if you might borrow part of his newspaper. But that certainly is in no way subtle—you are branded at once as an inconsiderate, annoying nuisance. It would have been much better if, in the first place, a nice little old woman, well equipped with two newspapers and a brand new novel had sat down beside you. That, I say, would have been excellent. Your troubles would be—well, almost over. There would be just a tiny bit left for you to do.

First you must move over a bit—give her just a little more room—but don't say anything—talking to strangers may be one of her abominations. Then open your pocketbook and look for something—anything—you're not going to find it anyway—take off your gloves—feel in your coat pocket. Your partner wonders what you've lost but she won't say anything. To avoid being too curious she'll pick up her book and begin reading. Success! That's just what you've wanted. Now put on your gloves again. Look out the window—you can't see anything but your own reflection in the glass but keep looking. It will be much more effective if, cupping your hands against the glass you raise yourself up a bit in the seat and look, look, look. Finally, when you feel that just one moment more and your eyes will pop out, when you've gazed at yourself so long that your face seems new and queer, you'd better look about a bit and turn your attention on the moustached individual across the aisle.

Count his eye-lashes—try to decide when and on what auspicious occasion he decided to grow that moustache. Keep watching him. Meanwhile—the subject of your experiment has grown uneasy—she thinks you've been trying to read her book and, as she probably hates anyone to read over her shoulder, she begins to fidget; suddenly she turns, trying to catch you in the act—but you, without blinking an eye, continue to gaze innocently at the one opposite, who, by this time has become the most ruthless villain in the bloodiest melodrama ever concocted.

Since your friend's suspicions are unfounded, you can look down at her and smile. Without doubt, she will pick up her newspapers and, happy at her own generosity, offer them to you. You can look rather startled at first, then accept them, not too eagerly—such a thought had not of course entered your mind—but it *is* worth considering. And then, at last, you settle down—with something to read!

CATHEDRAL—AT NIGHT

THE lights are shimmering in the votive glasses,
(Ah, here is found the peace of night.)
Their shadows flicker on Our Lady's garment
And she seems alive in the warm, dark light.

There is peace in the long and draughty aisles;
No rush of Time in the vaulted lanes.
Only kneeling shades lost in the gloom,
White prayers and hopes. The beaded chains
Slip through their fingers noiselessly.
And each lone worshipper breathes a prayer
Whose whisper trails like an echo that comes
From some winding cavern among the stars.

Mary Doyle, '34.

Moipae

DOROTHY DUFFY, '36

MARY eyed the tapestry balefully. Queer, how it obsessed her! But it was a queer thing to have in a classroom, even a classroom in an old Greek villa. But the tapestry was not Greek. It had none of the chaste austerity of Greek art, being, in fact, rather gaudy and lacking in good taste. Gaudy, that is, in background; the three women, plain, pale, middle-aged, clad in depressing black robes, were sober enough. The Three Fates—Clotho with her spindle, Atropos with thin worn hands clutching the thread, Lachesis with the shears.

How it had gotten there, no one pretended to know; but there it was. And it annoyed Mary exceedingly. She fancied she felt the eyes of the Fates boring into her back as she worked in that room. And when she was alone there she was sure, *sure,* that behind her back they moved and rustled and whispered. It had come to the point where she wheeled suddenly about, or flung open the door without warning—trying to catch them in the act, to see them moving. Sometimes she almost thought she had succeeded.

She turned away to her books. She cast a suspicious glance at the three black figures that stared immovably back at her, and walked to the door. A slight rustle seemed to follow her through it . . . the very faintest suggestion of a sound. Fool! Fool! she scoffed. It was the wind shaking the tapestry! But there was no wind.

Another little rustle. With a scornful exclamation of impatience and anger she ran to the door and wrenched it open. There was the end of a trailing black skirt dragging out of the further door, the door to the left of the tapestry. Only two black figures remained against its gaudiness. The other—

"Lachesis! Lachesis!" shrieked the girl as she raced down the classroom, flung another glance at the two still figures on the tapestry, and flew up the stairs. "Lachesis! Give me that!" She sprang at the tall black figure with the shears in its clawlike hand, and snatched at the tangle of gray yarn. A frail strand of the stuff snapped. . . .

Editorials

INDIVIDUALISM

ARE you an individual or an unresisting member of a group? Do you think for yourself, or do you believe as your neighbor does? Do you stand on your own feet, make your own decisions, and pursue your own course, or do you follow the mob and accept its dicta? Are you afraid to "be yourself," to be different from others? Inject a little variety into our pattern—four hundred people, all alike, would be frightfully monotonous.

Do you think anything at the college should be changed or improved? Why not do your bit to adjust them? Don't think—"What am I among so many? One individual doesn't count for anything." . . . What is a group but a number of individuals? Didn't some one start the practice you think is wrong? Why not begin the march in the opposite, the right direction?

One individual could start a revolt, could change the map of Europe, could change the modern world. Why don't you withdraw from the mob, be an individual, and start to change things here? There is little danger of having individualism run rampant—but a little would help.

EVENINGS WITH CHRIST

"TO have a taste for serene hours is to have a taste for heaven." The inspiration and sublime beauty of an evening spent with Christ is a treasure that we should seek to possess. There are moments when our happiness is so great that we are eager to share it with the Sacred Heart, and moments when pain is so sharp that we long for the sympathy of God. Many of our trials may be the outcome of temptation or of religious doubts, or they may arise merely from our lack of information concerning our religion. All these problems are ministered to during the First Friday "Evenings With Christ." A larger and stronger faith will be ours after having sanctified our time and received the Blessing of Christ.

INSULARITY

THE idea that "In the sea of life enisled . . . we mortals live alone" has received a too literal interpretation on the part of most of us. While the idea is that of the spiritual isolation that exists between men's souls, it should not be carried over into one's relations with the community. Except for the students who study history intensively, few of us have even a remote interest in, much less knowledge of, the daily business of our government.

Now, especially, when the country is undergoing such marked social and political changes, we should be informed concerning the problems that are facing the nation. The pleasure of knowing what is going on, if not the realization of the higher duty of citizenship, should prompt us to become alert. Let us begin to read more widely and discuss more fully, so that, benefiting by the interchange of ideas, we may be better equipped to help in the work of the new era.

Scene—St. Joseph's
Time—Examination Week
Action—Hysteria

NO one will deny that examinations are serious matters, one of the most trying ordeals of college life, but is that any reason why we should "go berserk" while they are on? During that particular week we are no longer sane, no longer balanced. Is it really necessary? Is it worth while? Do we have to lose control of our emotions, live at high tension, in order to pass? We think not.

Can't we take exams calmly? That doesn't mean not studying, not by any means—but just adopting a rational attitude. It would involve great control of our feelings, but the results would be worth the effort. Exploding emotionally on the least provocation can't be good for anyone, and probably is definitely harmful.

Let exams assume their proper place on your mental horizon. They aren't the big black clouds you think they are, blotting out all other things. Take them in your stride; if you've done a normal, reasonable amount of work they should not be terrifying nightmares. Even, if you can do it without descending to the opposite side, develop a sense of humor about them. At least, have a sense of proportion!

MENTAL CURIOSITY

HOW far have we progressed since our high school days? Have we done anything to improve our minds? Have we learned the value of culture? Has our taste in literature risen? Hardly, when for pleasure we peruse the same romantic novels that thrilled our adolescent emotions as high school freshmen. Fundamentally these stories are always the same. They take us through an emotional strain from which we emerge no better for the experience. Still, we are loath to break away from these tokens of our superficiality and to plunge into cool and, to us, unexplored depths.

We argue that we can't appreciate better literature. We can't read biographies, they bore us. History has no appeal. We can't keep our minds on philosophical books. All this is admitting defeat—our mental prowess has been challenged, and we have cowardly retreated.

Boredom is born of dislike, and dislike of ignorance. If we could put ourselves in the place of people who hurt us, we would be moved to pity and sometimes to sympathy, never to hatred. When a subject bores us, it is only that we cannot grasp the beautiful, logical laws that underlie that particular science. When we admit boredom, we admit mental inefficiency.

A wise teacher of psychology once said that a learned person is one who knows much about at least one subject and is on speaking terms with every science and art in existence. There is life and everlasting interest in store for such a one. We can attain to an approximation of this goal by avoiding the cynical and scoffing attitude, for this is the weapon of the ignorant who would convince others that they are proud of their lack of knowledge.

We can realize it more completely by reading of things we know nothing of, by trying to fill in the gaps in our mental equipment. (Books mentioned in our various classes would make an excellent beginning.) Soon we should find ourselves actually growing interested in things which hitherto had held no meaning for us. We always find time for the things we really want to do; let us make the satisfaction of mental curiosity one of these things.

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